HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXV.—No. 1301.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 26, 1881.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
$4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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"WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT THANKSGIVING DINNER?"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

The Thanksgiving issue of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *No.* 108, *published November* 22, *contains a spirited picture by* MRS. JESSIE CURTIS SHEPHERD, *entitled "How the Little Folks Keep Thanksgiving"; Part I. of* JAMES PAYN'S *thrilling description of "The Wreck of the 'Grosvenor,'" illustrated; a true story of "The Fall of a Mountain" in Switzerland, by* DAVID KER; *the eighth installment of the interesting serial now running, illustrated; a pleasant full-page illustration on "The Pleasures of Nutting-Time"; together with short stories, illustrated poems, games, and puzzles appropriate to the present season.*

THE TRIAL OF GUITEAU.

THE opening of the trial of GUITEAU had three striking incidents—the sensible ruling of the judge that the jury should not consist of idiots, the difference between GUITEAU'S counsel upon the question of delay, and GUITEAU'S conduct and address. Of the terrible crime that was committed, and of its perpetration by GUITEAU, there is no question. There has been no other question from the first than that which his counsel now raise, and which, indeed, is always raised when there is the least chance of securing plausibility for it, and that is the question of insanity. This is always a very delicate and difficult question, but it is a probable theory, supported by scientific observation, that there is a state of mind and of the will which may be called strictly insanity, yet which does not release a man from responsibility for his acts. There is undoubtedly a general conviction among those who have carefully observed the story of this crime with intelligence, and not with mere passion, that while GUITEAU is a man of weak and what is called ill-regulated mind, he is not an irresponsible agent. There is still a further question. Assuming that a person who is born with a feeble will, and who "lets himself go" without even attempting self-restraint, may drift at last beyond the possibility of such command, ought he to be relieved of the penalties of crimes that he may then commit?

If it be clearly established, as in cases of certain diseases of the brain, that a man is no more responsible than a sleep-walker, he can not be rightfully punished, although he ought to be secluded from all opportunity of doing harm. But it will not be alleged that anything of this kind has yet appeared in the case of GUITEAU. His conduct in court, as throughout his imprisonment, merely illustrates the natural excitement of a man who has always "let himself go" in the appalling circumstances in which he finds himself. There are laws of disorder as well as of order. It is generally observed that men who hold themselves to be divinely commissioned to kill other men bear themselves tranquilly and firmly, like the man in Massachusetts a year or two ago who offered his own child as a sacrifice to God. Weak, ill-regulated, mentally and morally chaotic and desperate, GUITEAU evidently is, but thus far nothing has appeared which would properly acquit him of responsibility. A man who deliberately makes himself drunk ought not to escape the penalty of crimes committed in drunkenness; and men—and their name is legion —who "let themselves go" must be held to the responsibility of their deeds.

The general conviction of the country at the time of the shooting of President GARFIELD—a conviction which has only deepened and strengthened with time—is confirmed by all that GUITEAU has said and written. The murder of the President was due to the system of spoils, which leads every light-brained, morbid, desperate camp-follower of a party to suppose that his "work" for the party entitles him to an office, and that he is wronged if he does not get it. GUITEAU'S first and last plea is the same—the President was bestowing patronage unwisely. If GUITEAU had known that place did not depend upon personal favor, he would not have fancied that he was entitled to a place, and that the President was doing mischief and imperiling the party by giving places improperly. If GUITEAU'S crime was the act of a crazy man, and all that he says is mere raving, it shows at least the fixed bent of his mind. If he be not crazy, it was the deed of a man made morbid and desperate by this evil system, in which, as Mr. SHERMAN ROGERS wisely said at Buffalo, lurks revolution and civil convulsion. It is one of the blessings which spring from the calamity of GARFIELD'S death that it has drawn the attention of the country to the imperative necessity of a remedy for the evil to which he was a sacrifice.

THE PRESIDENTIAL SUCCESSION.

THE *World* announces, what we trust will prove to be a fact, that Senator BECK will offer to the Senate the CRITTENDEN resolution of 1856 respecting proper provision for the Presidential succession. That resolution required the Committee on the Judiciary to examine the whole subject, and to report by bill or otherwise. The reasons for such action are very much more obvious now than when the resolution was first introduced, and the President, with peculiar propriety under the circumstances, could call the especial attention of Congress to the whole subject of the Presidential election and succession.

The provisions of the Constitution upon the point are general, and experience has shown the imperative necessity of careful definition by legislation. The provision, for instance, in regard to the Congressional count of the electoral vote is open to absolutely different interpretations, and the function of the Vice-President is left equally vague. The indispensable power of deciding a conflict is vested nowhere by the Constitution. It is plausibly argued that it must rest with the Vice-President. It is argued with equal plausibility that such a view is preposterous. Yet experience has shown that civil war may turn upon that very point. There is no doubt that had the difficulty of 1876–77 arisen twenty years before, it would have produced a civil convulsion. Not only Mr. CRITTENDEN, but the great commentators STORY and KENT, and the most sagacious of political leaders, such as Senators MORTON and EDMUNDS, have devoted a great deal of attention to the subject of the electoral count, and have prepared admirable bills upon the subject, which Congress could not do better than carefully to consider and pass.

The succession is not less an unsettled question. If the Vice-President had been disabled at the time of President GARFIELD'S death, there would have been no occupant of the chair until an election could have been held, or until the Secretary of State, or the cabinet, or some existing and recognized authority, without constitutional or legal warrant, and by the sheer necessity of the case, had called an extra session of the Senate to elect a presiding officer. To state that such a situation exists is to demonstrate the vital necessity of action. Nothing could more fatally accuse the national common-sense than to tolerate the further continuance of such uncertainty upon such a subject. There is no party question involved. The certainty sought is wholly in the interest of a common patriotism, and neither helps nor harms any party except that which should oppose or retard the necessary legislation. Senator BECK'S resolution will be accompanied, we hope, with a renewal of that of Senator EDMUNDS, so that the whole question of the Presidential election and succession may be disposed of at the coming session.

THE STREETS.

THE problem of dirty streets has not yet been solved, but it is one of the most important for a great city. The Committee of Twenty-one did nobly last year, even if they did not have their way completely. At least they aroused the State thoroughly as well as the city, and they procured the passage of a bill which would have secured excellent results had its powers been intrusted to a more efficient agency. The fact remains, however, that popular government is made lamentably ridiculous if it can not keep the streets of a great city clean. If it is inadequate to that result, the same forces and obstructions which prevent its success will baffle it in other and more important objects. The streets of New York and the Capitol at Albany are two perpetual monuments of the failure of popular government at those points. One is a huge pile of extravagance and inconvenience, the other are filthy after enormous expense for cleanliness.

It is not, however, the expense, but the waste, that is to be condemned. No city can be kept clean without a large outlay. Unless we are misinformed, the model cleanliness of the streets in Paris is obtained at a cost of $3,000,000. The force of men is not less than four thousand, and that of horses, carts, and sweepers is very large. Intelligent estimates of the adequate number of persons for cleaning the streets of New York place it at something more than one thousand, and this is about the force contemplated by the bill carefully prepared by Professor CHANDLER, the head of the Board of Health. This bill provides in detail for the "block system" of street-cleaning, and assigns the whole care of this duty to an independent bureau of street-cleaning, with a superintendent at the head, and three deputy superintendents. The Mayor is to appoint the superintendent, and to remove him for misconduct, after an opportunity given him for explanation, and the superintendent is to name the deputies under the same conditions, which are to apply also to all other officers and employés of the bureau. The annual salaries of the officers, including a surgeon, a paymaster, necessary clerks, and thirty inspectors, are not to exceed about $60,000. Not more than one thousand street-sweepers are to be employed, nor more than two hundred and twenty-five men, with suitable carts and horses, and an additional force for sweeping-machines, at the discretion of the superintendent. All the men employed are to be examined by a medical board as to their physical condition, to be classified and uniformed, and engaged in three kinds of labor—street sweeping and cleaning, collecting garbage, and collecting and removing ashes and street-sweepings. For all these details the bill contains specific provisions, and is not to be construed as limiting in any way the powers of the Board of Health.

The subject is one of the highest importance to the city, and the present arrangement can not be considered to be satisfactory. The Board of Health may be presumed to understand the necessities of the case as well as any municipal body or observer, and a bill which has its sanction ought to be very respectfully considered by a Legislature, which must necessarily know very little of the subject. The bill in question has two great merits: it fixes responsibility, and it provides for prompt removal. It would be better if politics could be wholly excluded from the bureau; but it is a hopeless task to try to remedy this defect by preventing removal except by a lawsuit. We have seen as yet no better plan proposed than that of this bill.

MORMON MISSIONS.

A STRIKING but impressive argument in favor of that prompt and careful promotion of education in the Southern States to which Mr. WINTHROP earnestly called attention in his oration at Yorktown is furnished by the fact that Mormonism is sending its missions and ministers into those States, and that the public mind is startled and alarmed by the invasion. In Tennessee and in Georgia there is an organized Mormon effort to proselyte, which the Atlanta *Constitution* declares to be extraordinarily successful, and the same journal asserts that Mormonism in this country must be put down by force. This, however, is not at all necessary. Public opinion and the law can deal with the matter both conclusively and peacefully, and without involving innocent persons.

The first measure is to retain Utah as a Territory, and to forbid it to become a State so long as polygamy prevails. Its present population is about 144,000, of which number the larger part is probably Mormon. The Mormon plea for polygamy is that it is with "the Saints" a religious institution, and therefore that it can be no more rightfully suppressed by law than the celebration of the mass. The reply to this is that under the laws of the United States, in all places and Territories subject to its jurisdiction, bigamy is a crime punishable by a fine not exceeding five hundred dollars, and by imprisonment for a term not exceeding five years, and that polygamy is a practice which no civilized state can safely tolerate. The trouble in dealing with the subject, more than with other offenses against the law, is that organized emigration has planted the practice in Utah until it is sustained by local public opinion, which seriously embarrasses the course of law. A case of polygamy must be proved before a jury, and in order to proof there must be evidence of plural marriage. But not only are no records kept of such marriages, but it is scarcely practicable to impanel a jury without a Mormon. These facts, and the distance and seclusion of the Territory, with its overpowering public opinion religiously favorable to polygamy, and the assent of the victims of the practice, have made prosecutions languid and ineffective.

But obviously a determined purpose in Congress and in the courts of the Territory, and legislation especially directed to the subject, would soon control the situation, and put Utah polygamy in course of extinction. The subject has been hitherto tenderly and feebly managed. The Territory is remote, and its population has been mainly recruited from Europe, so that the question has been in no way forced upon national attention. The Southern Mormon missions, however, may be the means of arousing so strong a feeling in that part of the country that energetic and positive action may be taken by Congress.

SCRATCHING AS A SEDATIVE.

THERE was great wrath two years ago with the conservative practice of scratching. But those who raged furiously have now discovered that there is a balm in Gilead. There were some thirty thousand Republicans in New York who decided to vote as they chose, and not as a party machine chose, and they were vigorously abused and ridiculed. Except, however, for the bolt of JOHN KELLY, they would have scratched to some purpose. "The Young Scratchers" were the proof that political independence had not been utterly crushed by the machine, and that Mr. GREELEY'S definition of the Whig party as "a loose aggregation of independent thinkers" was equally applicable to a part of the Republican party in New York, which plainly held the balance of power, and must be taken into account even by a machine. And now the other part has come to be of the scratching faith. Then, however, it was vehemently of another opinion. "Scratcher? Faugh!—jayhawkers between the lines," was the machine answer, which omitted to remember that men who have the courage of their opinions are not dismayed by blackguardism. The machine tried its own way again the next year at the National Convention—tried it with an insolent audacity which was characteristic; and it was ignominiously "smashed up" by the national Republican party. When the party succeeded at the election, the machine, of course, claimed the glory, and proposed either to control the Administration or to destroy it. But it encountered a master, and the course

of President GARFIELD during his few weeks of the Presidency showed that it could do neither.

The recent election has shown the machine as a "Scratcher? Faugh!" Henceforth its little gun of ridicule is spiked. If scratchers are the pot, the machine is the kettle. Yet its *naïveté* is very amusing. Some of the "Stalwarts" met a "Half-Breed" on the day before the election, and declared that they would not vote for HUSTED. But when the "Half-Breed" said that it was all right, and that he should vote for an independent local candidate, the "Stalwarts" denounced him for opposing the regular nomination! It was quite right for "Stalwarts" to scratch a regular State candidate, but it was heinous for a "Half-Breed" to scratch a regular local candidate. The truth is that the great value of the election was its universal scratching. Everybody voted as he thought fit, and declined to support a candidate merely because he was upon the regular ticket. If this were the general disposition at every election, the vocation of the scratcher would be gone, because names would be proposed which there would be no reason for scratching.

The machine scratchers, however, failed to show what the Young Scratchers showed two years ago—that they are essential to success. The event justified what we said before the election—that the machine would probably try to prove that the State could not be carried without it. But against all its scratching and sneering and bolting the State is carried by some twelve thousand majority. This is largely due to the very fact that the machine did not manage the campaign. No sensible man probably supposes that if the machine had captured the Convention, there would have been a Republican victory at the polls. It is for the new management of the party to understand that its strength lies not in an imitation of the old machine, but in cordial acceptance of the fact that the people and the party are tired of bosses and machines, and that independent Republicans are numerous and courageous enough to determine elections.

THE TEST OF CIVILIZATION.

THE letter of Mayor GRACE, of New York, to the Board of Fire Commissioners, in regard to the falling of the tenement-houses in Grand Street, is admirable. The excuse offered for the apparent official negligence in the case was that there are not inspectors enough for the proper supervision of buildings. The Mayor asks an estimate of the amount of money required to place the bureau upon an efficient working basis. "Efficiency," he truly remarks, "is the only economy, and the bureau should be made perfectly efficient at whatever cost, provided there is no waste or useless expenditure of funds. A catastrophe like that of the 9th instant should be practically impossible of occurrence in our community, and it is to insure this impossibility that the Bureau for the Inspection of Buildings exists."

This is well put, and it is true. The falling of a house crowded with people is a cruel and barbarous calamity. Yet anybody who chances to see many houses when they are building must be appalled by the apparent pasteboard walls of the thickness of a brick or two, and the slight timbers stretched across to hold the floors and all that may be piled upon them. It is no marvel that flames devour them so rapidly, and that they tumble down.

The social philosopher who said that if he wished to know whether a woman was a good housekeeper, he did not look into the parlor, but into the cellar, and that the test of a man's manners was not his conduct at a dinner party, but in his own dining-room at home, was a wise man. The real test of our civilization is not the splendor of Fifth Avenue, but the comfort and cleanliness of Baxter Street and the tenement-houses.

A NOBLE FAMILY MEMORIAL.

THE *Wolcott Memorial* is a complete and very valuable family volume, the most elaborate work of its kind yet produced in this country. It is a solid and even magnificent quarto of 440 pages, printed handsomely upon rich paper, and admirably illustrated with reproductions of family portraits, fac-similes of papers, and inscriptions; and the name of A. D. F. RANDOLPH appears as the publisher of a book which is a noble illustration of American typography. The work is issued by "the proprietors," and is limited to 300 copies for private and careful distribution. It appears to be a complete record of the family, which is one of the most noted in New England, and the biographies of its more noted members are interesting historical monographs. The task of the general historian is greatly lightened by these pious family labors, and it is in such volumes as this that the student catches the most truthful glimpses of the very germ and detail of the characteristic early local life of the country.

AN OLD STORY.

THE case of J. HOWARD WELLES is another warning against gambling in stocks. A man of respectable connections, with trouble before him, he wrote threatening letters to Mr. JAY GOULD, artfully evaded detection while carrying on a correspondence in the "Personal" column of a newspaper, and was finally outwitted and detected by the police with the aid of a force of postal experts detailed from the Post-office. Upon his arrest, WELLES was apparently overwhelmed with shame and grief, and his counsel suggested that he had been always so respectable, and his family connections were of such a character, that it was impossible he could be sane, and that he must be considered to be deranged.

This was a fair stroke of professional practice. But there is no more reason to suppose WELLES to be insane than BALDWIN, of the Newark Bank, or any other of the numerous delinquents of the same general kind. He is insane, probably, only as all criminals are, and his fate is a warning against giving way to the madness of stock-gambling. It is not a case for apology and extenuation so much as for exposure and condemnation, because the temptation to which WELLES yielded is a constant and powerful temptation to hundreds of intelligent and respectable young men.

But why should the details of the shrewd detective scheme by which WELLES was entrapped be published? The detective art will be soon baffled if all its methods are to be revealed. There are no more sagacious readers of the newspapers than a certain part of "the dangerous class," and they read for instruction; so that by confiding their methods to the reporters, the detectives help to circumvent themselves. The account of the capture of WELLES was very interesting, but, as was said of the charge at Balaklava, it was not war.

TRUTHS FOR THE TIMES.

THE speech of the Right Honorable LYON PLAYFAIR, Deputy Speaker of the House of Commons, at a late meeting of the Merchants' Club in Boston, was a very clear and admirable statement of the English civil service system, which is well worthy the attention of those who honestly think that selection of government clerks by merit instead of patronage is a pedantic and impracticable fancy. On the contrary, it secures not only the most efficient service, but self-respect in the incumbents, who feel that they owe their positions to proved qualification, and not to personal favor.

The subordinate civil service as the spoils and plunder of party victory has been practically taken out of politics entirely in England. But nobody who knows the facts would pretend to assert that either the service or politics is the worse for it. On the contrary, there is no period in English history in which the service was so economical, efficient, and honest, or when politics was so free from corruption, as now.

"Practically," says Mr. PLAYFAIR, "except in one or two offices, patronage has ceased to exist in the English civil service. In the last Ministry I was Postmaster-General, and nominally had between forty and fifty thousand appointments in my gift. In reality I had not one. Even the higher offices were competed for by any one in the service of the Post-office, and the claims were adjudicated by a committee of experts, so that the Minister was a mere confirming officer. It will be a splendid day for the United States when they base their civil service on an open competitive system. Political morality is immensely improved by such a system. Since we adopted it in England, the House of Commons has become much elevated in independence and political morals. The education of the country has also received an untold influence."

A GOOD WORK TO BE HELPED.

ONE of the most valuable practical works in historical study which are conducted under American auspices is that of the Archæological Institute of America, of which Professor NORTON, of Harvard, is president, and which includes in its membership and committees many noted citizens. Mr. BANDELIER, who is perhaps the highest authority upon Spanish-American archæology, is conducting investigations in Mexico at Cholula and Mitla, and Mr. CLARKE at Assos in Greece. The Institute announces that one of the chief objects of the Assos expedition has been accomplished, in the completion of drawings and measurements, upon the publication of which the temple of Assos, known hitherto only by most imperfect and incorrect designs, will take its place among the best-known temples of the Doric style. Many highly interesting and valuable studies and collections have been made, but to carry forward the work at Assos to the end of the next year, with the general work and expense of the Institute, will require a sum of $8500 in addition to the annual subscription of membership. Mr. WILLIAM ENDICOTT, Jun., is the chairman of the finance committee, and subscriptions will be thankfully received by Mr. HENRY L. HIGGINSON, of Boston, the treasurer.

THE STATUE OF BYRON AT MISSOLONGHI.

THE especial friend of BYRON'S friend TRELAWNY when he was in this country, who met him first in Charleston fifty years ago, and with whom TRELAWNY lived for some weeks in New York at the old Delmonico's, in Beaver Street, gives us the inscription upon the pedestal of the statue of BYRON just erected at Missolonghi, in Greece, where he died. The inscription, written in Greek hexameters, is the work of Professor SEMITELO, of the University of Athens.

"Stop, traveller, and look on BYRON, the glory of England and the honor of the daughters of Mnemosyne, who loved him so much.

"In memory of the benefits bestowed by him on their country, the Greeks of the present day have united to erect to him this marble.

"It was he who, when Greece was in the agony of her struggle, came to her assistance and encouraged her heroes."

MR. SUMNER AND MR. WINTHROP.

A FRIEND, who is perfectly familiar with the facts, questions the strict accuracy of our recent statement that the open letter of Mr. SUMNER to Mr. WINTHROP ended forever their personal relations. He says that the alienation was understood among the intimate friends of the two gentlemen to have originated in private letters which Mr. SUMNER wrote to Mr. WINTHROP, and in anonymous attacks made by him in the newspapers upon Mr. WINTHROP'S course, and that the public letter was only a summary of these. Non-intercourse naturally resulted, and it lasted for some time.

But during the last ten or fifteen years of Mr. SUMNER'S life the two gentlemen, as was generally known among their friends, exchanged visits and the common courtesies of society. The day after Mr. SUMNER'S death Mr. WINTHROP paid a public tribute to his memory, and, upon the invitation of the city authorities, he served as a pall-bearer at his funeral.

It is evident that however widely different were their views of public questions, and however impossible friendly intimacy must have been after what had occurred, the two gentlemen, one representing the old Whig and the other the new Republican Massachusetts, were able at the last to maintain those courteous personal relations which should never be impossible between political opponents who, despite absolute and radical differences of opinion, still respect each other's personal character.

PERSONAL.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL JAMES was in Herkimer, New York, on the day of election, the guest of Senator WARNER MILLER. The *Democrat* says, "The Postmaster-General called at the *Democrat* office on Tuesday, and took great pleasure in looking over the office in which he set type twenty years ago." Few men have had so rapid advancement, on the ground of ability and fitness, as the Postmaster-General; yet he never held an elective office from the people; and, for that matter, neither had the President until he was chosen to the Vice-Presidency.

—Journalism in France is one of the surest avenues to political preferment. In the present Chamber of Deputies there are forty-four journalists, nearly all of whom are connected with the press of Paris.

—Mr. EDWARD ATKINSON, of Boston, an eminent political economist, delivered at the Atlanta (Georgia) Cotton Exposition an address in which he said that his second son, now at Harvard College, was a practical blacksmith and carpenter. The statement "brought down the house" with great enthusiasm.

—Miss NETTIE HOOPER, daughter of ROBERT M. HOOPER, Esq. (United States Vice-Consul at Paris), and Mrs. LUCY HAMILTON HOOPER, sustained a leading rôle at an amateur performance recently given at Montargis for a charitable purpose. The play was a one-act comedy entitled *Une Date Fatale.* The day after the entertainment the Mayor of Montargis called upon Miss HOOPER to express in person his thanks for her co-operation.

—The persistent study, the painstaking attention to details, combined with his great artistic talent, have won for Mr. JOHN MCCULLOUGH not merely fame, but what is very consolatory, a fortune which promises to be very large. Some years ago, when playing an engagement at the Grand Opera-house, Cincinnati, the receipts were $90. A few evenings since, at the same theatre, and under the same manager, he played to $1200. During the five weeks in which he has just been performing in Chicago and St. Louis the receipts were $50,000.

—FREDERICK DOUGLASS is now in a comfortable and well-salaried office at Washington. He has become copious in person and affluent in capital, his fortune being over $100,000. He writes a fine, round, clear hand, and may in all respects be counted the first colored gentleman of the time.

—Sir GEORGE AIREY, late British Astronomer Royal, has been awarded a pension of $5500 a year by the government.

—Mr. BURNAND, the editor of *Punch*, is the happy father of fourteen children. It is to this remarkable paternal fact that we may attribute his pleasant, handsome face and youthful appearance, though he is a trifle gray and bearded.

—Dr. A. W. WHITNEY, who died recently in West Newton, Massachusetts, was for six months confined in the Libby Prison, at Richmond, during the rebellion. While there he, with several other officers, also prisoners, was sentenced to be shot, in retaliation for several rebels executed by the Federals. General BUTLER, hearing of this, promptly notified the rebel authorities that if the men were shot, he would immediately shoot two rebels held as prisoners by him. The shooting did not occur.

—Mr. CHARLES H. NORTHAM, who died recently in New Haven, bequeathed $125,000 to Trinity College, Hartford; to Hartford Hospital, $50,000; Christ Church, $10,000; Hartford Library Association, $5000; and $35,000 to erect a chapel at Cedar Hill. The rest of his estate, about $600,000, is to be divided among his heirs.

—When the late Mr. ALEXANDER POPE, poet, in his "Essay on Man," asked,

"What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the HOWARDS,"

he of course could not have had the gift of prophecy, nor foreseen that the foremost HOWARD of the Western hemisphere in the present century not only "knew how to keep a hotel," but how to dispense a princely benevolence. On the 14th of November, Mr. JOHN P. HOWARD, of Burlington, Vermont, gave to the Home for Destitute Children in that city the Howard Opera-house, built two years ago at a cost of $125,000. This is the largest single gift ever made in Vermont to a charitable institution. During the present year Mr. HOWARD'S gifts to public institutions amount to nearly $225,000.

—Mr. THURLOW WEED'S birthday, on the 15th inst., was remembered by a great number of friends, who called to pay him their respects and wish him "many returns" of the day. Mr. WEED bears his age well, is as cheerful as ever, and as hearty in welcoming and chatting with his old friends. He is a national character, and long may he be preserved to us!

—The friends of Dr. JAMES STRONG, of Drew Seminary, met together a few weeks since to congratulate him on the completion of *M'Clintock and Strong's Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature.* This work, which has extended to ten volumes, has been in hand for twenty-five years. Dr. M'CLINTOCK, one of its projectors, lived only to see the fourth volume finished. The occasion was one of great pleasure to the company assembled. Among the men of note present were Drs. SCHAFF and TAYLOR, of the Presbyterian Church, Dr. CONANT, of the Baptist Church, and Bishop R. S. FOSTER, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In reply to the addresses of congratulation, Dr. STRONG gave a very interesting narration of the inception and progress of the *Cyclopædia*.

—Mr. THOMAS A. HENDRICKS says that REVERDY JOHNSON was the ablest lawyer in the Senate during his term. CHARLES SUMNER embodied more of his views in the laws of the country than any other man. BUCKALEW, of Pennsylvania, was a debater of rare force. GARRETT DAVIS was the most fearless debater, but not always considerate. DOOLITTLE, of Wisconsin, was the finest orator. FESSENDEN, of Maine, was the ablest Senator his State has produced; he never left a point unanswered, and was the readiest man in the body. JOHN SHERMAN was always prepared for action. TRUMBULL was eminent as a lawyer and debater. Governor MORTON was an able leader, but extreme in his expressions; strength and earnestness were his peculiarities.

—The Rev. O. B. FROTHINGHAM, or rather, we should say, *Mr.* FROTHINGHAM, he having some time since withdrawn from the ministry, was interviewed a few days since by a representative of the New York *Evening Post*, to whom he made the following remarks: "To my old friends and followers who may feel grieved at such an admission on my part, I would say that I am no more a believer in revealed religion to-day than I was ten years ago. But, as I said before, I have doubts which I had not then. The creeds of to-day do not seem in my eyes to be so wholly groundless as they seemed then, and while I believe that the next hundred years will see great changes in them, I do not think that they are destined to disappear. To sum up the whole matter, the work which I have been doing appears to lead to nothing, and may have been grounded upon mistaken premises. Therefore it is better to stop. But I do not want to give the impression that I recant anything. I simply stop denying, and wait for more light."

FROM THE JAIL TO THE COURT-HOUSE.

SCENES OUTSIDE OF THE COURT-HOUSE.

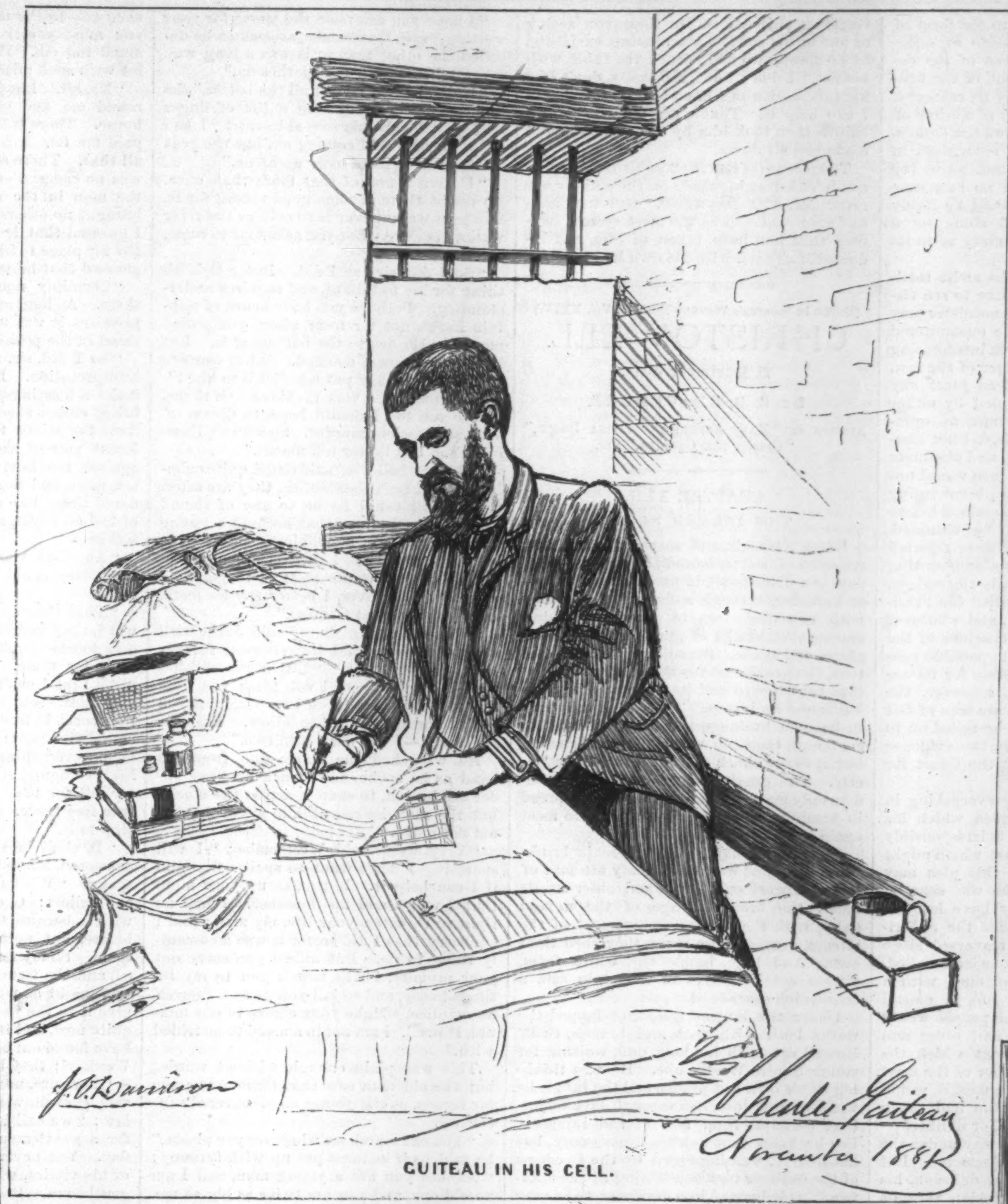
FROM THE COURT-HOUSE TO THE PRISON VAN, AFTER THE ADJOURNMENT ON MONDAY, NOVEMBER 14.

CROWD WAITING FOR THE COURT-HOUSE DOORS TO OPEN.

THE TRIAL OF CHARLES JULES GUITEAU.—From Sketches by J. O. Davidson.

THE TRIAL OF GUITEAU.

On Monday, November 14, commenced the trial of Charles Jules Guiteau, the assassin of President Garfield. It is held in the Criminal Court of Washington, before Judge Cox, a jurist who has established a reputation for more than usual sagacity, firmness, and impartiality. It is probable that he will have his capacity in these directions taxed to the utmost, for the case of Guiteau, though in its main outlines perfectly simple, is likely to be rendered complicated, delicate, and difficult by the management of the lawyers. As to the fact of the killing, not only the great majority but the mass of the people of the country have of course long since made up their minds. Every detail of the murderous scene in the Washington railway station on the memorable 2d of July is familiar to the readers of newspapers, not only in the United States, but throughout the world. The lying in wait for the unconscious victim, the carefully aimed shot, the second bullet sent to finish the work which the first was intended to accomplish, the assassin's wild cry of rejoicing, and his subsequent prompt arrest, his cowardly demeanor while in jail, and his abject fear of assassination at the hands of his guards—all these are known, and with them the wretch's antecedents, his restless pursuit of office, his intense



GUITEAU IN HIS CELL.

Mr. Robinson. GUITEAU PROTESTING AGAINST ROBINSON. Guiteau's Brother. Mrs. Scoville.

THE TRIAL OF CHARLES JULES GUITEAU.—From Sketches by J. O. Davidson.

actional feeling, his sense of personal injury, his absorption in the dispute which was rending the Republican party, his own statement of the motives which actuated them.

But behind this obvious body of known and notorious facts will arise the testimony and the arguments of the lawyers as to the insanity of the murderer, and as to the treatment of the President by his surgeons and physicians. It is from these that there may come considerations which would fairly puzzle the most skilled and experienced judge. Then it must be borne in mind that the Criminal Court of Washington is not guided by the principles of natural justice, nor even by the well-established doctrines of law and the enactments which exist in most of the States, nor yet by the precedents and decisions which make up the common law of England or of any of our own States. It is obliged to administer justice according to a most curiously mixed body of authorities. In the first place, there are the statutes of the United States, so far as they apply; in the next, there are the precedents and decisions which have force in the District of Columbia alone; finally, there are the statutes and precedents inherited from the State of Maryland. And all these are to be applied, under the scrutiny of skillful lawyers, to the question of jurisdiction,

to the formation of the jury, to the form of the indictment, to the admission or rejection of testimony, to the pleas of the defense, to the nature and extent of the penalty should a verdict of guilty be rendered. Thus it happens that the trial of a crime of which the whole country knows the details, of which the heinousness is recognized in every quarter of the globe, and as to the essential character of which no two sane men in any civilized land would be likely to disagree, may be dragged along for a month, with no absolute certainty as to its result.

Some of the obstacles to the swift retribution which all men would like to see visited upon General GARFIELD'S murderer may be appreciated by the trouble encountered in getting a jury. Judge COX, interpreting the spirit rather than the letter of the law, promptly resolved to admit as juror any man, not peremptorily excluded by either side, who, though he had formed an opinion as to the prisoner's guilt, did not himself avow that it was a fixed and obstinate opinion which ordinary evidence would not affect. Yet even under this liberal ruling several hundred men were examined before the twelve jurymen could be obtained. Nearly all of those rejected were rejected because they shared the opinion, amounting to a conviction, which prevails throughout the country, that GUITEAU killed the President with murderous intent, and whatever his disorders of mind, was conscious of the nature of his act, aware of its possible consequences, and fully responsible for its accomplishment. Apparently, however, the jurors who have been taken are men of fair and sensible minds, and can be relied on to render a verdict according to the evidence and the rules laid down by the Court for their guidance.

GUITEAU himself is doing everything in his power to confirm the plea which his lawyers will put in, that he is irresponsibly insane. But the very conduct which might be expected to strengthen this plea may well weaken it. A man who was sane on the 2d of July might easily have lost his mind in the mean time under the experiences which GUITEAU has traversed since that day. Closely confined, twice assailed, once with an apparent and once with a certain intent to take his life, in mortal terror that the anger of the people would break the barriers of law and order and make sure of the punishment which the law might refuse to the author of the most shocking crime of modern times, it would not be strange if a man who had taken life in a passion of revenge, or deliberately, had found his mind give way under the agony of fear, and possibly of remorse. But a man crazed by a fanatical delusion, his reason wrenched by the delusion that he was the chosen instrument of God to save his country from civil war, would have held firmly and even calmly to his belief, would have been dominated and sustained by it, and would have accepted with a martyr's courage the worst consequences of his act. GUITEAU shows no such condition of mind. He had not only planned his crime, but he had also planned his escape. He even took precautions for his safety from popular vengeance should he fail to escape. He had none of the fanatic's indifference to consequences. During his long confinement, instead of reposing on the protection of the Deity by whom he pretends to have felt himself inspired, he has shown all the cowardice of the common murderer, and has wearied the authorities with his petitions and demands for extraordinary safeguards. When brought into court to plead to the indictment, so far from preserving the intrepidity of a martyr conscious of Divine inspiration, he crouched between his guards, trembling, pallid, and unmanned. When again brought to the court at the opening of the trial, he had had his fears allayed, and was ready with an elaborate defense of his course, which was confused and silly, and undoubtedly the product of a weak and unhinged intellect, but which was also quite inconsistent with the rôle of a religious maniac, which he has chosen to assume. He argued with the commonplace cunning of a fifth-rate lawyer the question of the physicians' treatment of the President, appealed with shallow shrewdness to those who had profited by his act to subscribe to aid him in his trial, and finally, what no confirmed lunatic ever does, *argued his own insanity*. The plea was fashioned, in a clumsy and feeble manner, on the addresses of criminal lawyers who have had occasion to defend murderers on the ground of insanity, and that defense has so often and so mischievously been employed that it is perhaps an advantage to the community that it should now be presented where all the preconceptions of the public mind are against the offender who interposes it.

Our illustrations show incidents which took place on the first day of the trial. One of them depicts the singular scene where GUITEAU objected to Mr. ROBINSON acting as one of his counsel, exclaiming, excitedly, as he sprang up and struck the table with his fist, "I don't want ROBINSON, don't like his talk, and won't have him on my side if I can help it. That's peremptory." Two bailiffs then took him by the shoulders and made him sit down.

The picture of GUITEAU in his cell is a facsimile of a drawing made on the spot by our artist, Mr. J. O DAVIDSON. GUITEAU himself approved of it as the most correct likeness that has been taken of him, and indorsed it as such with his own hand.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE,

AUTHOR OF "MARY ANERLEY," "LORNA DOONE," "CRIPPS, THE CARRIER," ETC.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE ISLAND ROCKS.

BRISK with air, and sparkling ways, and melodies of water, Island Glen, on a sunny day, is a place to sit in patiently. The river breaking through a fissure of the hills, with two dark tors to guard it, divides, among vast blocks of granite, into myriad gleam and shade. Standing up in scores of tons, the granite scorns the water as a thing that has come to cool its feet, and may dribble below its instep. The water, believing in its own business, and heedless of stony contempt, comes on, with a thousand checks, but at every check scattering bright loquacity. The gravity of gray-bearded bowlders only makes it leap the more, and spread in tumbling shelves around them, to meet again in some calm pool.

In spite of hard rocks, there is brushwood here, and even some leafy attempt of trees. Dwarf oak, birch, and alder nestle below the brown ravage of the upland gales, with the kind encouragement of the stream, across whose spray they shed their own. And here, beside the white foam, glisten scarlet waves of mountain ash, a companion cascade of coral.

Under the largest tree, that lapped the water both with root and branch, Gruff Howell sat, with his long gun, waiting for young Squire Westcombe. He was thinking of his own sad plight, and the tangle he was stepping into, less through love of justice, perhaps, than fear of sad injustice. For he knew that not his license only, but his liberty, was imperiled by the freedoms of the outlaws now assembling at the "Raven." It behooved him, however, to be very wary in his dealings with that crew, unless he were resigned (which as yet he was not) to contribute personally to the nurture of the young birds on the ivied crag. Gruff was a resolute man, but owed his life to himself and his native land.

These reflections had given him pause, and made him regret, in the clear sunlight, the gratitude of his moonlight mood. His life had been saved by the courage of another; and he certainly had, for a limited period, felt a sort of gratitude. This strange feeling—the rarest of all our sensations, and the most fugitive—was now beginning to be explained away by the larger logic of the tranquil mind. "He pulled me out of a bog, it is true; but why did he do it? Why, to please himself. Of course he got wet, but not half so wet as I was. It was a wonder that he hooked me, for he never ventured out of his own depth. And, after all, I had better have gone down than found things as they were when I got home. He did not even know who I was. Pooh! pooh! one may make too much fuss of things. I am thankful, of course, and all that. But still I am not going out of my way about it. What I have to consider is, what will be most for my own good. And unless I see my way to something, I am not going to put my life in danger. Anybody might have done it. I would have done it for him, and never mentioned it. Directly you come to look fairly at it, 'tis an accident, not an obligation. It will be very nasty of him if he thinks I owe him anything."

John Westcombe did not think that Mr. Howell owed him anything. He was not come here to obtain reward for his little service in saving life, and he did not even expect to hear anything to care about. Having been asked to come, he came; for the place suited well with his land-falls, and he thought to hear some trifle more to interest than concern him. With his strong light step he came across the rocks, balancing his gun upon his shoulder; while the lemon-colored setter, having found a retired watering-place, lay down in it, and lapped, and, with his ears adrip, cherished a pious but futile hope that his fleas would go floating down the river.

"I hope you are none the worse for your wetting," said Westcombe, as soon as he descried the other man; "it was a long way to walk home with wet clothes on."

"No, sir; I find myself all the better," the innkeeper answered, with a lift of finger half way toward his cow-skin cap; "I had got a bit of a cold coming on, but the peat water seem to have took 'un away."

"I have heard of that more than once. No doubt there is some good reason for it. The peat water never is so cold as the river water, I believe. But you asked me to come, about something."

"So I did, sir; so I did. But a ticklish thing for me to talk of, and requires understanding. Perhaps you have heard of Captain Larks, not far from where you pulled me out. He lies to the bottom of it. But least said, soonest mended. What concern to you or I, if they put a bullet into him?"

"It would be a very great concern to me, and to you too, I should hope, to dream of such an atrocious murder. Speak out, Howell. You had better tell me all."

"My own belief is," said Gruff, quite calmly, "that it isn't the Captain they are after. What good could he be to any of them? But I hear them say that he hath a young daughter, a very fine-looking maid indeed; and betwixt you and I, sir, excusing my opinion, what they wants most is to get hold of missy. However, I better say no more. Least said, soonest mended."

"You are wrong there," said Jack, with his eyes so fierce that Howell went further back under the tree. "Either you will tell me all you know, or I will pitch you from this rock into that black hole; and out you don't come again, my fine fellow. Tush for your gun!—I will snap it in two."

He wrenched the man's gun from his hand as he spoke, and struck his knee under the breech, to snap it across the stock; but the man looked at him piteously, and did not move.

"Very well," said Westcombe; "I will spare it. I don't want to spoil a fine gun if I can help it. But make up your mind that I will stand no nonsense. I had no right to threaten your life, my man; and I am sorry that I did so, for it was a cowardly thing to do. But unless you carry out your promise, I will march you to my father's house, and to jail you go as a thieves' accomplice. Make your choice in one minute, Howell. I am not in a mood to be trifled with."

This was plain enough without words; but the old man saw that there was room for reason, as the young one recovered self-control.

"You can march me wherever you please," he said, as if he must put up with tyranny; "because you are a young man, and I am an old one, and you are twice as big as me. But for all that, you don't get a word out of me without it is by fair means, Squire Westcombe."

"I should like to know what you call 'fair means.' If you mean bribery, you shall have none. Though, of course, your behavior would be borne in mind when the licensing question arises. Else, you will have to quit for certain, as a notorious harborer of thieves. Now make your choice in one minute, Griffith Howell."

"Well, sir, you leave little choice. But I care not much what comes of it. Nothing but one thing makes me to care to stick in that old rats' castle. One thing only; and I dare say nothing will come of it, as usual."

"Tell me what it is; unless it is a secret." Westcombe looked at him with a kindly heart, for he saw by the glisten of the old man's eyes that some tender feeling moved him.

"Nothing, sir. Only I was thinking of my son, a gad-about fellow, the same as I have been. But not a bad sort, Squire Westcombe. As fine a nature as the Lord ever made."

"Let me know something about him," said Jack, with no pursuit of his own ends, but because he had that gift of interest in other people's affairs which made the Colonel so popular.

"It is a long tale, sir, and a sad one. But a better soldier never lived than my son Rees, in the Spanish country. He was in the light cavalry five campaigns, and I followed the army as much for his sake as to make my pickings out. Since the penny-post came in they brought me a letter from him. And I been in hopes to see him ever since, and if I was driven out from where I be, he might come, and he must go again."

"You shall not be driven out. I will take care of that," young Westcombe answered, as if he were the chairman of the Quarter Sessions. "All you have to do, my friend, is to tell me everything you know. Sooner or later, and perhaps very soon, a stop must be put to the lawless doings that have been the disgrace of our neighborhood. When you talk of danger to Captain Larks, and even to—to the members of his household, you must perceive that things are going much too far. Have you thrown in your lot with such miscreants?"

"No, sir. But I have let them creep in round me, and order me out of my own house. There was only one at first, and he paid me fair, and came for his letters, and all that. There seemed to be no harm. It was no concern of mine to know him from the man in the moon, and so long as he brought no others, I put up with it, though I guessed that he was a wild one. It was not my place to betray him, was it, though I guessed that he was a bad one?"

"Certainly not. You were quite right there. As long as he behaved well on your premises, it was no concern of yours. You stood in the position of a host to him."

"So I did, sir, reasonably, and by sound interpretation. But when he began to make a feasting-place of my poor inn, and bring stolen sheep there, and black sheep from the mines to eat them, it was a different pair of shoes. I found myself put against the law, and the law put against me, more and more. And when I was ordered about like a slave, and had to be out of bed all night, and could not even get my money—"

"Ah, that was very bad indeed. The least they could do was to pay upon the nail."

"That they did not, sir. And if I said a word, they would roast me in front of my own joints—leastwise what they makes me cook for them. It have come to such a pitch that I can't abide it. Why, what do you think their last move is? The craze of the world is free trade now, and free they make with my trade. Every one may have of me everything he likes, pretty much at his own figure, and then they come and clear my till for me. They tell me that is the true free trade. Squire, it is time to put a stop to it."

"It shall be stopped," Jack Westcombe answered, stamping on the granite as he spoke. "We hold a warrant now against one fellow; General Punk himself came with it, because there had been a good many before, but nothing was ever done with them. So my father locked it up till needed, and the General has been ill ever since. You might as well throw it into the fire as give it to the 'police' to execute. But it is quite new, and it should do something. We have found out his right name at last—'Guy Wenlow'; they had it 'George' before."

"For sure, now, that made it all wrong," said Howell, with a Welshman's nicety in law; "we call him 'the black gentleman'; for a gentleman he must have been some day. You never saw any man so knowing of his vittles, which downright proves the gentleman. But who is to catch him, sir? I won't be party to it. Although he has carried on with me too bad."

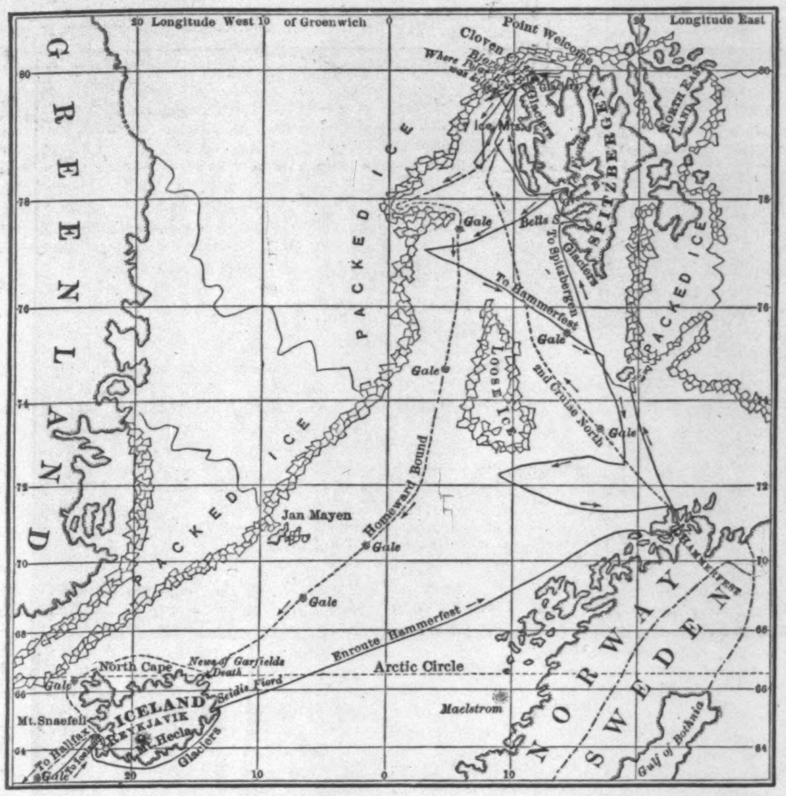
"Howell, I respect your feelings there. Treachery is of all things the lowest. You shall not be asked to do anything of that sort upon your own premises. At the same time, you may, in all fairness, tell me what their designs are upon Captain Larks. Otherwise, you become a party to them. How many of them are there?"

"Four, sir. All of them desperate men; enough to overpower any household. Every one of them carries his life in his hand, and little he seems to care for it. Wenlow, as you call him, is the master of them, and can handle them as he pleases. It is clear to my thinking that he gets his orders from some one who keeps out of sight, somebody with money, and some ends to serve; or why should he deal with such a gang? Captain Larks is at the bottom of it; not to do things, but to be done by. Sir, do you know what has crossed my mind? It was through my thinking of my son that it came to me. From what I heard say I made up my mind to have a good look at that Captain Larks without his knowing it. And so I did. And if ever I saw a man well known to me in the times when the great fighting was, Captain Larks is the man, and no mistake."

"We have no business with what he used to do," Jack answered, quickly, in his loyalty to Rose; for he really feared, after many dark surmises, and hints from divers quarters, that the father of his beloved had done something beyond inquiry; "the only question we have to deal with is, What do those fellows want with him?"

"Well, sir, that is more than I can say," replied the keeper of the "Raven"; "but something to do with the old thing, most likely. They watch him close enough, I can answer for that. They don't tell me, of course, what their orders are, but I hear them talk more than they think of. I believe their orders are to shoot him outright if he tries to go off suddenly. But if they get wind of his meaning to go, their plan is to carry off his daughter, that he may stay at home to look for her. Anyhow, he is not to go from home."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE TRACK PURSUED BY THE "ALLIANCE."

CRUISE OF THE "ALLIANCE."

I.—THE ISLAND OF SPITZBERGEN.

With the hope that parties from the *Jeannette*, after their vessel had reached some extreme northern point, might have abandoned her, and then had struck boldly westward, the United States steam-ship *Alliance* was sent to Spitzbergen. There were excellent reasons for the belief that some of the parties from the *Jeannette* might be found here.

As the nipping and destruction of ships in these arctic seas is quite constant, the conclusion arrived at was that the men of the *Jeannette* had taken to their boats, and by slow stages might have forced themselves through the ice toward Spitzbergen. This route would have perhaps presented much less difficulty than to have retraced their steps toward Wrangell Land. If once they could have reached Spitzbergen in the summer season, as whalers and seal-fishermen frequent the island, the chances of rescue would have been excellent. It behooved, then, the United States to leave nothing undone, but to use their utmost endeavors to succor the brave explorers on the *Jeannette*, for with the coming winter of 1881–82 the perils of the crew would be very much increased. Very unfortunately no tidings of the *Jeannette* have yet been received.

The cruise of the *Alliance* was of singular interest, but by no means a pleasant one. In this quarter of the globe, in addition to the dangers of ice, fogs and heavy weather prevail, and the risks are constant. The vessel having taken in her coal and supplies at Hammerfest, one of the extreme northern ports of Norway, proceeded on her course to Spitzbergen. At Hammerfest arctic explorations are apparently an every-day occurrence. In search of whales, seals, and walrus, many small craft fit out here, and proceed on their adventurous voyages far into the Kara Sea, between Nova Zembla and the North Russian coast, and in their track, but surpassing them far in boldness, Nordenskjöld succeeded in circumnavigating the Northern European and Asiatic continents.

Pointing the ship's head toward frigid Spitzbergen, bad weather was constant, and the chances of taking an observation quite improbable. Navigation by means of dead-reckoning is all that could be found available, but then the trustworthiness of a course of this character was considerably diminished by the unknown currents which are found in these frigid seas. Ships can only be worked here in comparative safety when the utmost care and vigilance are exercised.

Reaching Spitzbergen, many fine views of the coast were had. This island, the name of which, signifying "serrated peaks," conveys an idea of its ruggedness, is magnificent in scenery, but is most inhospitable. There are not less than five islands, which make up the archipelago of Spitzbergen. Situated between 76° 30′ north latitude at its southern point, and 80° 49′ north latitude at its extreme northing, it lies nearer to the pole than Melville Island. Still it is not so inaccessible, on account of the Gulf Stream, whose warmer waters lave its dreary coast. Such approach, however, as it permits is on the west side, as on the eastern side ice prevents a landing.

The mountains are very steep, and in winter are as hard bound as iron from the cold, while in summer they seem to be composed of disintegrated stones. The fiords are numerous, and have been in past times the resort of whalers. Glaciers are innumerable, stretching quite down to the sea. In certain seasons of the year, from the detritus brought down by these glaciers, the sea presents a milk-white appearance.

No one has ever yet dared to explore the interior of this terrible island. Mountain peaks have been scaled, and a glimpse of that great central plateau has been had, which is some two thousand feet above the level of the sea. During the short summer months, regardless of the dangers of the navigation, Spitzbergen is resorted to by the Norse fishermen. In former years, when a return trip to their own country was found impossible, crews have wintered here, and their sufferings have often been of the most distressing character. To-day it is Hammerfest and Tromsö which send out their small craft just as soon as the way is clear. Formerly the waters in and around Spitzbergen abounded with whales, walrus, and seals, and the success of the Norse fishermen was great, but of late years the catch has very much diminished.

Nothing can exceed the savage grandeur of the views of Spitzbergen, and the illustrations presented are exceedingly truthful, having been taken by an officer attached to the expedition. The one on top of the page is of the seven peaks of a high range of mountains which show boldly along the coast. Between each two there is an immense glacier, which extends to the very edge of the bluff which overlooks the stormy sea. This range, some fifteen miles long, is but a portion of similar peaks extending along the coast.

In the centre of the page a mountain shaped like an extinct crater, open to the sea, is shown, presenting the appearance of a vast amphitheatre. Volcanic action is quite perceptible in all the rock formations of this island. A perpetual coating of snow incases the inner shell of this mountain, and its glaring whiteness is contrasted by the reddish tinge of the snow, which in this particular case is found in a narrow streak many hundreds of feet long, extending on the left-hand side of the view. This color is due to a small fungoid growth, which reddens the snow despite the rigors of the season. In this print is seen a small vessel, a hardy Norwegian, whose captain has risked all dangers, intent on securing his cargo of oil. At the right hand the *Alliance* is found trapped in the ice. Fortunately, at the season of the year when this vessel encountered the ice, chances of nipping were slight. When a vessel is thus incased, she either has to float with the ice, or by superhuman efforts the barrier is cut with saws, if not too thick; and if a steamship, she is pushed with all her power through the resisting field.

Wonderful freaks of nature are found in this frigid zone, where by mechanical and climatic influences the heaviest and toughest rocks are moved like feathers or ground to atoms. There are rapid changes of temperature, though of short duration, in Spitzbergen, and even as high as 73° has been recorded. Integration and disintegration go on, then, all the while, and this accounts for the character of some of the rocky hills, which are composed of broken material which has no cohesion. The hard rock has been frozen, then thawed, and the most irresistible forces of nature have done their work. The cut on the right shows a natural opening in a huge rock.

THE "INFLEXIBLE."

A few years back a correspondent of one of the London "dailies," in describing the turret ship *Glatton*, spoke of her appearance as resembling a cross between a "railway station and a cooking apparatus." To describe H. M. S. *Inflexible* as a whole is indeed a puzzler. According to her rig, she is a "brig" without a bowsprit; to her dimensions, a very long frigate with an immense "beam"; in other respects, she is a combination and a net-work of pneumatic tubes, steam-pipes, engines, electric apparatus, etc. As we ascend from the boat up the companion-ladder to the deck, we are standing on iron plates three inches in thickness only; before us rise the glacis plates in front of the turrets, the latter being so turned as to expose the four huge 80-ton guns, with muzzles large enough to take inside a boy of ten years of age. The ease and quietness with which these enormous structures move is marvellous, considering that each, with the two guns included, weighs 650 tons. The whole mass revolves on twenty-eight rollers.

When loading is about to take place, the turret is turned round until the port-hole is partly covered by the glacis plates; the muzzle of the gun is then depressed, presenting itself at an aperture below the deck, a small trolley conveying at once the powder and shell along the rails from the magazine until it stands immediately in front and underneath the gun's mouth. Nothing now remains but to hoist the charge to its position, and ram home, both of which operations are performed by steam-power. The turrets, engines, magazines, and those portions of the vessel requiring special protection are situated in what is termed the "citadel"—a rectangular inclosure 110 feet long by 75 feet broad in the centre of the ship, whose sides are twenty-four inches in thickness, and are considered to be impervious to any weapon yet invented. The deck over the citadel, including the glacis, as before stated, is three inches in thickness; the other parts on the same surface and away from the citadel measure but half an inch in thickness.

In going into action, the captain and another officer are stationed in the fore "conning" tower, standing on top of the "superstructure," and within this tower is what is termed the "armor cross," which is composed of two plates twelve inches thick, standing on their edges, and intersecting each other at right angles, the longest plate measuring ten feet, and fixed athwart-ships. In one or other of the four angles composing the "armor cross" stands the captain, and, what is most interesting, he can there steer the ship, revolve the turrets, fire the big guns, or discharge the submerged torpedoes, either by turning a wheel, or simply by pressing an electric button; on the other hand, he can communicate by speaking through the voice tubes with any one in any part of the ship below. In each angle of the cross the appliances are the same, and connected one with the other, so that if the officer in charge find himself exposed to the enemy's fire, he can protect himself by dodging round to another angle. The horizon is "conned" through horizontal slits in the cross plates in line with the eye.

The *Inflexible* has everything new for torpedo warfare; on the bows is a curved shoot, down which the "Whiteheads" are launched. Over the stern, on the top of the superstructure, is an iron tripod, the middle leg of which slings overboard, carrying the torpedo away from the vessel's side; and when the leg is within a few degrees of the perpendicular, the fish-torpedo is automatically launched free, and propels itself toward its object. In the torpedo-room the weapons are placed in cylindrical tubes, the doors closed, and by the application of powerful pneumatic pistons, are forced through apertures in the ship's side ten feet below the surface of the water. Besides two Gatling machine guns and eight 20-pounders, she carries six Nordenfelt guns; each of the latter is manned by two gunners—one sights the gun, while the second, by moving a lever, discharges one or the whole four of the barrels, which are fed from a "hopper" placed over the breech, and containing forty charges. The Nordenfelts are for keeping off hostile torpedo boats, etc., but a further precaution will be adopted in the shape of a wire net-work round the ship.

The *Inflexible* is lighted by electric lamps, the "Brush" system principally, there being a few of the "Gramme" pattern, which give each an illuminating power of 2000 candles; there are oil lamps used as well.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

FROM "PATIENCE" (A LONG WAY).

"A laady-daa curl young man—
A cheap cigarette young man—
A very flat hat-tery,
Brainless and chattery,
Hard in the cheek young man."

An old rancher told a Sunday-school missionary, who had penetrated the wilds of Texas in order to prosecute his work where he deemed it to be most needed, that the region thereabouts had already been "herded, lariated, and belled by the devil." The good man did not understand this figure of speech well enough to be discouraged by it, and he now has a flourishing Sunday-school there.

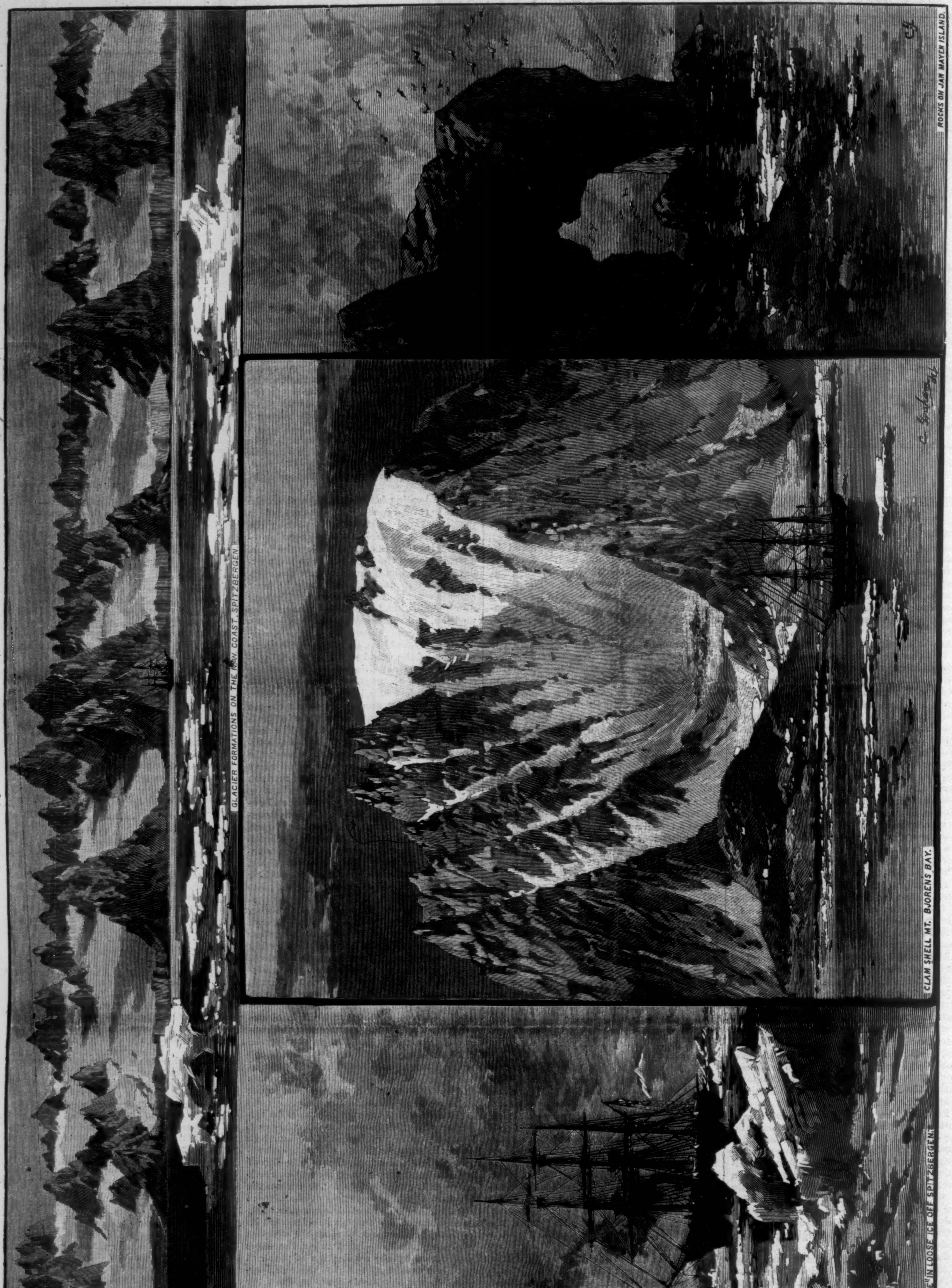
The grave-yard insurance companies of Pennsylvania have a newspaper organ, which claims to be "devoted to literature, science, the religion of the day, and the general welfare of the people."

A young man in Boston is in a mood to join the anti-vaccination movement. While walking with his sweetheart he pressed her arm, and she uttered a little cry of pain. He mistook it for resentment; the engagement was broken; and he did not learn that he had molested her vaccinated arm till they had decided to be as strangers forever.

London papers give an instance of the expedients resorted to by owners of vessels to negative all that kind-hearted Mr. Plimsoll has done for the protection of sailors' lives. In this instance the Plimsoll load-line mark was obliterated by the sail-maker of the vessel, and in the night the captain painted another line a foot higher up on the ship's hull. She was then loaded down to the new line, and sent to sea, and has never been heard from since.

A man living near Douglassville, Georgia, prides himself on having been the driver of the first Confederate ordnance wagon across to the north side of Mason and Dixon's Line in the war of the rebellion. His name is Baliss Richardson, and he says that it was the "proudest moment of his life" when his wagon crossed into Pennsylvania, and he was greeted with a yell by all of Lee's soldiers in the Gettysburg campaign who saw him.

It was perhaps too much to expect that nothing unpleasant would occur in the course of the visit of the French and German guests who came to the United States to be present at the Yorktown celebration. The feeling between their countrymen here is not of the most cordial nature, and it was feared that, however considerate the gentlemen of the two delegations might be in respect to all things, some fancied discrimination in favor of the one nationality or the other might be magnified till it necessitated explanations that would at least be unpleasant to make. But that which was dreaded and guarded against came at the last moment, and when least expected. At the ball given in honor of the visitors in the Metropolitan Casino a private supper-room was provided for their exclusive use and that of the other invited guests, the intention being that none who attended the ball on purchased tickets should enter. Early in the evening one of the German visitors, escorting a lady who was not an invited guest, turned to enter this room, but was told that the lady might not enter. The German, not understanding the intention of the committee, believed that he had been insulted, and, with his friends, quitted the ball. It is said that members of the committee, provided with a competent interpreter, sought him out the next day, and devoted much of the forenoon to minute explanation, which, it is to be hoped, met the requirements of the somewhat solemn occasion.



SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN THE CRUISE OF THE "ALLIANCE."—FROM SKETCHES BY AN OFFICER OF THE SHIP.—[SEE PAGE 791.]

"DONE BROWN, SHO'S YO' BO'N!"—DRAWN BY J. W. ALEXANDER.

THANKSGIVING.

Our hay is all saved, and our wheat is all reaped;
Our corn is all garnered, our barns are all heaped;
Thanksgiving! thanksgiving!
For the sun and the dew and the bountiful rain,
For the honey and fruit, for the nourishing grain,
For the rose and the song, let us render again
Thanksgiving! thanksgiving!

For the quick tide of trade that gives life to our land,
For the skill and the wealth of the working-man's hand,
Thanksgiving! thanksgiving!
For the brains that have toiled with some wonderful thought,
For the dreams that the artist and poet have caught,
For the old fight with evil so patiently fought,
Thanksgiving! thanksgiving!

For the homes that with truest affection are blest,
Where love nestles down like a bird in its nest,
Thanksgiving! thanksgiving!
For the worth and the will that have made us so free,
For our beautiful land from sea unto sea,
O God of our fathers, we give unto Thee
Thanksgiving! thanksgiving!

THANKSGIVING AT STONE'S MILL.

John Stone's lumber mill was in the Green Mountains; so extra hands for the winter's felling and hauling ("loggin'," as it is technically called) often came down from Canada. Stone was a powerfully built, ungainly man, with restless black eyes and a swarthy skin. He sat in his office one November day registering the names of some newly arrived "loggers."

"James Cooper," he called out; "Sam Preston; Michael Cassidy; Yorkshire Billy (how are you, Billy?). All right." He spoke with a foreign accent. "Next."

The next was a slim young man with fair hair, who wore, like the rest, a rough flannel shirt, leather belt, and high boots. But the shirt collar was rolled back with a certain careless grace from a round comely throat, and held by a knotted scarf. Stone looked up sharply into the pleasant gray eyes, and asked,

"Are you a logger?"

"No," answered the young fellow; "but I want to be."

"Humph! How old are you, and what wages do you want?"

"Twenty-four, and I'll leave the wages to you."

"Seventy-five cents a day—all you are worth, and more too."

The new hand looked rather amused.

"What's your name?"

"Arthur Lennox."

Then the owner called out, "Next," and Lennox went out to hunt up a lodging.

Si Moulton, a lank, traditional, cartoon Yankee, answered the stranger's inquiries with a look that took in the glossy fair hair, the white teeth, the curling mustache, and the peculiar roll of the blue shirt collar. Then Si rubbed both corners of his mouth with impartial precision, and said, "Guess there ain't no boordin'-house here that 'll suit yer, 'ithout it's Ray's—fust house below the bridge."

In a few minutes Arthur was walking through a neat little red house that seemed deserted. So he stepped into the kitchen, and stood in the back doorway, calling out, "Ray! I say, Ray!"

A tall young girl came out from a shed close by. She had a basket of wood steadied by one hand upon her shoulder. She passed by Arthur, who stepped aside with a "Beg pardon," lowered her burden by a skillful little bounce upon the free hand, and then asked,

"What is it?"

"I was calling Ray, Mr. Ray, the owner of the house, I suppose. I want a lodging-room."

"I'm Ray," said the girl. "You can see the room I have."

As she led the way, Arthur apologized for his blundering entrance, to the coil of soft brown hair at the back of her head, for the young person didn't condescend to turn round, though she explained, "Everybody calls me Ray; my name's Rachel Joyce."

"Why, the room is very nice," exclaimed Arthur, "and so thoroughly clean too." Then he talked on in a familiar, laughing way, yet tempered too with a certain deference for her sex, until she unbent something of her defensive, under-bred rigidity, and actually stood smiling before him in a natural, girlish, pleasant fashion. He noticed what a singularly delicate face she had—a New England complexion, pearly fair, but with clear blue eyes and scarlet lips that told of robust health. He stood admiring the lines of her nose and mouth, and thinking that a brown calico frock of a baggy make couldn't spoil genuine beauty after all, when suddenly he thought to ask, "Shall I see your mother about the price?"

"I have no mother and no father. The board is three dollars a week."

"Do you live here alone?"

"Yes. I teach the district school, and in the loggin' season I take boarders—a man from Canada, Billy, they call him, and his wife. Then this room is generally wanted by some logger, some one like—like— She stopped in her illustration, and regarded this new specimen of logger with a puzzled expression.

"Some one like me," he suggested.

"No; at least the loggers are not like—"

"True, they're not like me, Miss Rachel. They're stronger, bigger men. I envy them. Why, I only earn seventy-five cents a day."

"I've charged you too much for the room," she said, gently.

"Nonsense!" he exclaimed, with an odd little laugh; "it's an honest board. I'm a hard-working boy, Miss Rachel, and I've something put by."

"I wouldn't for the world be hard with you," she added, gravely.

He answered, with an earnest look in his eyes, "I think, Miss Rachel, you wouldn't be hard with anybody." Then he changed the subject by saying, "You must have a great deal of work to do."

"Yes, I have some," she responded, with the genuine Yankee idiom.

A little while after, when Arthur strolled down toward the mill, Si Moulton remarked:

"Nice gal, Ray is. Got l'arnin', an' a mind of her own tew, bet yer. Old Joyce, her father, owned this 'ere mill, an' when Ray was fourteen year old—lessee, that's six year ago—Joyce died. Wa'al, Joyce was shiftless, an' there was old debts from when he lived down to Boston. Them creditors they come up, an' things was in a muddle, when down comes Laroche—him that's John Stone now—from Canada, an' buys up the hull place 'cept Joyce's house; that the creditors give ter Ray, out o' pity sorter, I s'pose. Wa'al, she's a smart school-teacher now, an' Stone's jist a-dyin' fur ter marry her. Guess he twistified his name over inter English jist ter be a-kinder nat'ral an' humly like for her. But she don't like him, she don't, an' Queen Victorry onter her golden throne ain't more high an' mighty nor Ray when she don't like a body—not Queen Victorry; no, *sir!*"

"Was Ray born here?"

"Wa'al, no," Si admitted, with regret; "she's a nice gal, but she warn't born here."

"I thought there was something in her speech that—"

"Speech!" echoed Si, indignantly. "Nothin' ails Ray's speech. Speaks good as me, or anybody, an' we all calc'late ter speak putty good reound here. Tell yer what, young feller, stay up here awhile, an' I'll l'arn yer ter talk as good as me."

Arthur looked much more delighted than even this brilliant promise warranted, and laughed long and loud. Then he asked:

"How about Thanksgiving, Si, your great holiday?"

"Wa'al, some folks eats a good deal, an' the men, bein' off work, calc'late ter drink a good deal."

"I suppose you have a crowd of people, flags, music, and dancing, like a fair-day?"

"Ya'as—oh ya'as," Si answered, cheerfully lying for the glory of his native place. "Dunno 'bout flags, but crowds—oh yes, crowds o' folks. All come here ter hev a big time. Crowds *and* crowds—yes, *sir!*"

When Si had gone away, Arthur wrote in a note-book:

"People full of conceit and shrewdness. Girl at my lodgings quite well spoken, sweet voice, and uses the native idiom in a pardonable sort of way. Says 'I want ter know!' as an exclamation. Says 'It rains some.' Abominable!"

"Hi! Hallo! Come here!" some one was calling to Arthur from the mill. He hurried over the footway across the dam. There was trouble about raising a heavy log, and as he stooped (under Stone's direction) to the lifting, a gold watch slipped from an inner pocket into sight. He tucked it away, but not quickly enough to escape Stone's eyes.

After that first day's work a very tired man went home to Rachel's neat room. At supper he met his fellow-boarders. "Yorkshire Billy" was the gentleman who ate his bread by scraping the butter side on his under lip, and who nodded to Arthur over a saucerful of tea balanced perilously on two fingers and a thumb. His wife, Mrs. Y. Billy, known familiarly as Jane, was a red-faced, kindly soul, who continually admonished Rachel:

"Sit doon, dearie. Ar loike bein' 'bout t' fire. It's homely loike."

In the note-book that night was written:

"Several capital American types at mill. Note: grace only exists with strength. Landlady carries the iron tea-kettle aloft, like a Hebe with her golden cup."

After Arthur was asleep, Stone came to the house. He stopped in the front room, and asked, gently,

"Well, Rachel, haf you some kind word for me, eh?"

"I've the same word always," she answered.

"But I sall hope, is it not?—always hope. See, I haf make myself American for you. I go to the church; I learn the English; I sall be a good husband."

"Don't; please don't," said Rachel. "You can't understand. If one loves, one loves, that is all. I can't like you."

"But my leetle dear one—"

"You shall not call me that," Rachel cried out, indignantly, and standing erect before him. "I forbid it."

He flushed an ugly red, and for a moment his good clothes and well-brushed hair hid nothing of the peasant cunning and cruelty that lurked beneath. For a moment he was Jean Marie Laroche, then he took up his amiable rôle again, tried to seem at ease, and sat down in the kitchen by Billy and Jane.

Later he asked, carelessly, "Is that Engleesh boy—that chap with a gold watch—boarding here?"

"An Englishman took the empty room to-day," Rachel answered. "I didn't see his watch."

"Goold watch!" echoed Billy. "Us didn't see no goold watch."

"I saw it," said Stone. "Perhaps he haf it not honestly."

Rachel said, "He looks like an honest man."

"He looks like a fool," retorted Stone, hotly.

"Haw! haw!" Yorkshire Billy laughed, "he be a weak-lookin' 'un. He got yaller hair, all coorly, loike a babby's. Haw! haw!"

"Thee's got summat loike a babby on thy head too, auld man," Jane struck in, with evident feeling on the new boarder's side. "Thee's got a big bald spot atoop."

"Haw! haw!" Billy laughed again; but Stone went home sullen enough.

The end is plain. What use to linger in the telling it? Arthur worked two weeks at the mill, coming home tired out every night, and Rachel began to take upon herself those little motherly ways that more surely than all protestation, more surely than vows or ecstasies, proclaim a woman's tender regard. She had a pretty trick of half scolding him, and ordering him to work more leisurely, then looking at him with a dangerous pity.

One night he said, "I'm going away just after Thanksgiving."

She moved her lips, her eyes grew wide and sad, but she found no words.

That was the night when Arthur entered in his note-book: "Have abundant material for American sketches. Must secure some scenes from Thanksgiving celebration. Experience at mill invaluable. Laroche quite a melodramatic villain. I told Rachel not to say, 'I want ter know!' She turned the prettiest pink imaginable, and hasn't said it since."

Thanksgiving-day came at last. Work was suspended, and Stone's looked more desolate than ever.

"Where's the crowd of people, Si?" Arthur asked of the boastful native.

Not to be crushed by the mere force of stupid facts, Si answered, boldly, though there wasn't a creature in sight, "Pourin' in—jist crowds an' crowds a-pourin' in all reound." Then he made off in a great hurry.

Stone at his house was giving the men something to drink. As the glasses clicked, Arthur could hear from outside the familiar brogue of Cassidy, the Irish hand.

"Oh, bedad!" he said, "workin' lad, is it? Divil a bit. He's a young lord; got hapes o' money. Did he tell me so? Faith, how do ye know but I've been acquainted wid him afore? Mike Cassidy's no fool, b'ys. It was a young juke, it was, in the ould country, that herded out wid the pisantry all for sport. Good luck to yez, Misther Stone. Here's to yez, b'ys," and Mike drained another glass.

Arthur laughed to himself, and walked on.

Presently Stone went up to Rachel's house. He strode through to the kitchen, where she was at work.

"Rachel," he began, "will you be my wife?"

"I will not," she answered, clearly.

"Mon Dieu!" he half screamed, with a frightful look of despair. "After all these years! I haf renounce my religion, my country, my language, all for you, and now you follow a strange man—you go to be a lady in England. Mon Dieu!" He beat his dark forehead with his open palm, dishevelling his black hair, and looking like a fiend.

"I don't know what you mean," said Rachel.

"Don't know? You mock me. This fellow is *noble*—you know well what I mean—he is a lord, a gentleman, a cursed English noble. He can gif you jewels, dresses, money." He grew very hoarse, and grasped her arm. "He will steal you from me. I—I—" Rage had half strangled him, but Rachel heard the words "I hate him!" hissed through Laroche's dry lips.

She flashed upon him an instant the whiteness of her angry face.

"Ah," he cried, with that same stifled scream, "you can be terrible—terrible for *his* sake! We shall see! we shall see!" He uttered, in his own *patois*, some imprecation, some swift jargon impossible to follow as words, but full of dire meaning.

It was not fear of Laroche that sent Rachel to her room, and threw her on her knees in an agony of weeping. She had defended and supported herself from childhood, and hardly knew the meaning of fear. Two hours later she came down stairs with such a look of peace, of renunciation, of self-conquest, that Arthur forgot the old brown frock, the little provincialisms of speech, the hands somewhat roughened by toil, and only thought, "She is like an angel."

It had been a raw, threatening day, and toward night came a wet, sleeting storm of snow. Some loggers dropped in to talk about the change of work. Felling and hauling began with the first snow. In the evening, Stone joined them. Rachel gave him a searching look, but he wore a smile, had a leisurely air, and said to the men,

"Had a good T'anksgeevin', boys?"

Cassidy answered, "Yis, sor; and may your whiskey jug be like Tim the Piper!"

"How's that, Mike?"

"Always full, your honor."

"I teenk," said Laroche, "that somebody must go down to the mill and shut that sliding window by the saw. The storm comes in that way. Lennox," he added, pleasantly, "will you go? You haf less drunk as we haf."

"All right," Arthur answered. Then, after crossing to his room, looked in again, muffled in a heavy gray Ulster.

"It ees very slippery on the foot-bridge over the dam—take care," said Laroche. "And here, Lennox, pull up the sluice boards as you pass, and let the water over the dam. The river ees too full."

Soon after, Laroche yawned, bid a civil good-night, and went out.

Rachel stepped into the kitchen, and quietly shut the door between the two rooms.

Stone's warning about the foot-bridge was not mistimed, Arthur thought. He could hardly bear up against the wind and driving sleet, and in the darkness was near to stepping off the narrow planking more than once. The water was closed in at least twenty feet deep above the dam, and below there was an equal depth of sheer fall upon jagged rocks. He made directly for the mill, meaning to pull up the sluice boards on his way back. The window was open, and using all his strength, he closed it, then turned to retrace his steps. Suddenly he became conscious of a strong draught. The doors that led out upon the rails, on which the finished work was sent from the mill were open. These rails were on a trestle-work, and reached the level at the bridge just above Rachel's house. Arthur called out, gruffly,

"Who is it?"

"Hush!" the answer came back. "It's I—Rachel."

"Rachel!" he exclaimed. "Why, what's the matter?"

In the darkness she reached him. "I came on the cross-ties between the rails," she answered, breathlessly. "You must use the same way. They are treacherous in this snow, but crawl along, reach the road, and make straight for Madison. An express passes at eleven. Take it, and go away."

"Why, Rachel—" he began.

"Don't delay," she pleaded. "You will be attacked to-night—perhaps murdered. Laroche is laying his plans now to do it. I know him. Oh, Arthur, if I've ever done a kind thing for you, do this for me."

"And you?"

"I'm in no danger at all. I'll run home across the foot-bridge over the dam. No one has missed me; I arranged that. Arthur! Arthur! if you've any pity on me, go," she sobbed, and urged him toward the open doors.

"Rachel, how can I thank you? Here, wrap up in my coat; it will keep you warm to the house."

"No," she replied. Then, "Yes, I'll take the coat."

"But, Rachel, I may come back?"

She was gone into the darkness, and he made his escape.

Rachel paused, on reaching the plank walk, to put on the heavy coat; then she stepped lightly and firmly along the treacherous path, stopping now and then to listen. By the jarring beneath her feet she knew, about midway, that some one was meeting her. She guessed who it was, thought of Arthur, not really safe yet, and then she felt herself seized. Laroche's

breath was on her face, his dreadful jargon of curses in her ear. She knew that, wrapped in that coat, he mistook her, in the darkness, for Arthur. She struggled wildly, but uttered no cry. There was a strange shock and pain in her arm, then she was battling with the icy water of the river. Bewildered, she still remembered the sluice boards were closed, and there was no danger of going over the dam. She held by the boarding all along the top of the masonry and planking, and half swam, half pulled herself to shore, just under the mill. In a moment there was a strange roar, a mighty rushing sound, and the whole force of the river was tumbling over on to the jagged rocks below. Laroche had opened the dam. A human body in that water would be swept along, dashed and torn to pieces, then lie, cast up somewhere, covered by the snow, and by spring it would be unrecognizable.

Very late, Rachel crept softly home. She looked at her arm. It had been stabbed. The wound was painful, but not deep.

A week later the Johnsville constable came over to Stone's, and indorsed the general opinion that Lennox had fallen off the foot-bridge after having raised the sluice boards, and so been swept away.

After a month, Laroche came to Rachel, and said, "Don't feel hard to me: I lof you."

"Stay," Rachel answered; "I have something to show you." She brought the coat—the gray Ulster Arthur wore the night he went to the mill. There were holes in it here and there, as from unsuccessful knife thrusts, and there was a deep stain of blood.

Laroche turned livid, held by a table with one hand, and with the other tremblingly pointed at the accusing stain, while he vainly tried to speak.

"Ever dare approach me again, and I will tell your crime to the whole world," said Rachel, very distinctly.

In three days Laroche had sold out the property and gone.

Rachel had a letter from Boston, which she answered in this way:

"No; for I taught myself, the hour I heard of your rank and title, to renounce all thought of being your wife. You shall not suffer the shame of marrying beneath you."

A letter came back in this style:

"My Darling,—With all your good sense and beauty, you are a credulous little rustic, after all. I'm no lord, nor juke, nor anything those intelligent loggers thought me. I'm only a literary fellow, a correspondent of papers, and ambitious to write a book. I'm fairly well off, and my father's a barrister. You won't be a duchess, dear, though you'll be the wife of the proudest man on earth."

One day in the honey-moon Arthur asked, "Why do you wear that band upon your arm, my love?"

Then for the first time Rachel told him the whole story of Laroche and his attempted crime. On his knees, he kissed the cruel scar a thousand times.

There's one English household in which our Thanksgiving-day is religiously kept, and one little English boy lisps to his playmates, "In my mamma's country there's a day when you get a awful cut across the arm, and then there's a awful scar, and that's Thanksgiving-day."

The playmates are awed with the peculiar but tragical statement, and look upon little Arthur as an authority on the customs of savage lands.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1288.]

FOR CASH ONLY.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "From Exile," "Under One Roof," "Walter's Word," "Won—not Wooed," "What He Cost Her," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TIME-PIECE.

Of the real characters of Mr. Lyster and of Clare Mr. Roden knew as little when he left Stokeville as when he came; nor could he even detect the shadow that hovered over the little household, and cast its shivering gloom on both of them.

"I shall come and see you again in the spring, Lyster," were his last words to his brother-in-law, "and in the mean time you can always command my services."

Mr. Lyster had spoken earnestly to him respecting Clare, and had besought his counsel and good offices for her, when she should be left without a protector; and on the whole, although the other's assurances had been somewhat vague, they had been profuse enough. The dying man, for his part, had been very willing to take his protestations for earnest. It seemed to him only natural that, having once made acquaintance with Clare, her uncle should feel a strong personal interest in her—of which, however, Mr. Roden was not capable. He liked the girl very well, perceived that she was a thorough gentlewoman, vastly superior (for all that he had hinted to the contrary) to her friend Mildred, and admired her beauty; except for her genuineness and veracity, which secretly made him rather uneasy, she had indeed produced a very favorable impression on him. But, like a voter at an election who wishes well to No. 2, but has already promised his vote to No. 1, Mr. Roden had no "personal interest" to dispose of; No. 1 had secured it from his birth.

However, the result of his visit had been on the whole satisfactory to Mr. Lyster; if the entertainment of his guest had somewhat taxed his feeble strength, the other's promise of future help had given him hope—and hope was now what he lived on. It was, indeed, most strange to notice how hopefully he talked, as though Death, instead of being next door, was going on his rounds upon the other side of the way. Especially when Sir Peter called, he summoned all his remains of vigor, and presented quite a cheerful front to him, which caused that worthy knight (for a reason with which we are at present only in part acquainted) unspeakable mystification.

"The man looks as if he had one leg in the grave," was his reflection after these interviews, "and yet he has certainly great vitality. I look upon it still as quite a toss-up."

What the "it" was did not appear, but it could hardly be that he had any expectation. however remote, of his partner's restoration to health. "Then, again, Lyster is so cheerful; a man of his temperament could hardly keep such a bold face if his affairs were in Queer Street. And yet my informant was to be trusted. If that fellow Dickson could only be got to speak out! Oldcastle, too, I believe, knows more than he pretends to do. But there's nothing like confidence about those fellows."

By which it may be surmised that Sir Peter's views on such matters were somewhat original, and were even slightly associated with the confidence trick which presupposes virtue to be all on one side. In accordance with Percy's advice, which under present circumstances had Sir Peter's approval more than ever, Mildred came but seldom to Oak Lodge, and no longer in the character of an amateur detective. Indeed, any attempt to extract confidential information from Clare was obviously hopeless. That young lady always received her with civility; they even embraced as usual, but, as Mildred expressed it, it was "like kissing a snow man," which, as Percy rather impudently observed, was not at all the sort of kissing she liked. The two girls never spoke of Percy now, though he was the subject of both their thoughts; but sometimes he would call at Oak Lodge when Mildred was there. Then, albeit the "two" might not have been "company," the "three" indeed were "none." The ordeal to Clare was very severe. To have to sit and talk to the woman who was plotting to steal him from her for herself was trying enough, but to see him in the other's presence was intolerable. Of course he was her very own, but she yearned to claim him, to put her hand upon his shoulder and say, "This man is mine, and will never be yours." Thanks to Percy's falsehood, as we know, Clare did her wrong; but, for all that, it was wormwood to Mildred, though, of course, there was no such claiming, and far less any endearments, to indicate that he had promised himself to Clare.

The man appeared most at ease, for he had all that tact and dexterity of manner with which the other sex is so often erroneously credited, but in his secret heart he always dreaded an explosion. It was a relief to them all when even Gerald, with his sidelong suspicious looks and uneasy air, chanced to join them. He was more often at home now than he had been for years, appeared really solicitous about "the governor," and would volunteer to do little matters of business for him, such as the acting as his amanuensis and checking his banker's book. The sick man always accepted these offers of service, and the lad's exquisite penmanship and accuracy of calculation never missed their meed of praise. But the light that fires the father's eye with pride at even the smallest achievement of his offspring was wanting in Mr. Lyster's case. That his son was a failure, and something worse, was a conviction not likely to be shaken at a time like this, when all illusions were vanishing. To Clare he was less demonstrative than nature prompted him to be, for emotion weakened him, and above all things he wished to husband his strength; but his heart yearned toward her, and next to her to Herbert. As men draw near their end they cling to truth and genuineness, and love to have those about them in whom they can trust; and at Mr. Lyster's wish, as the year drew near its close, his nephew took up his quarters at Oak Lodge.

"It is not a place for a merry Christmas," he wrote, touchingly, "but you will, I know, not grudge me your society. It will not last for long, and it is a favor I shall never ask again."

Day by day, and hour by hour, Mr. Lyster grew paler and frailer; and as in the great water floods the watch-dog and the fox and other four-footed antagonists will crouch together, watching the ground grow less about them, and the pitiless rising of the tide. so, in view of the dread approach of death, Herbert and Percy and Gerald seemed for the time to have forgotten their mutual animosities. To Percy, bound by duty to put in an appearance in that melancholy house, but forbidden by the nature of the case to solace himself with the caresses of love, the whole thing was hateful, and he could hardly conceal his disgust and ennui; whereas Gerald was merely sad and silent, as became him. Within the last few days he had worn his usual anxious and apprehensive air, but that had now deserted him, and he seemed to breathe more freely. To Percy this was a problem which interested him, and since he had nothing else to do, occupied his attention. Herbert's solicitude was, in reality, divided between the sick man and his daughter, but appeared to be absorbed by the former. Clare thought of her father only.

What was very strange, and gave a certain weirdness to the general gloom, was that nothing could persuade Mr. Lyster to remain in his bed, which was obviously the proper place for him. He got up at his usual time, or nearly so, and was assisted to his study, where he now sat all day; nor, though so obviously nearing his end, would he have any one to watch him at night.

This was at first a great trouble to Clare, and not the less so because Sir Peter, who had heard of it, had assured her that it was but a sick man's fancy, which there was no use in thwarting; her attitude toward the worthy knight (which, however, was hardly to be wondered at) was not altogether conciliatory, and she distrusted his advice as though it had been the gift of an enemy. On the other hand, when Dr. Dickson was appealed to, he had decided that matters should be left as they were. "This is one of those cases, my dear young lady, where the patient knows better than we do what is best for himself. There are some natures which resent the restraints of a sick-room; who seem to recognize the fact that taking to their bed is the beginning of the end, or even the end itself; and who absolutely appear, I do not say to parry, but to delay, the stroke of fate, by their attitude of self-defense."

Since delay was all that could now be looked for, this argument was conclusive to Clare; but when Sir Peter heard of it, he shook his head, and, perhaps from antagonism of character, veered round in his opinion, and plainly told the doctor that it was his duty not to give way to such unbecoming caprices.

"The man actually wanted to teach me my own trade!" complained the affronted physician to his friend Mr. Oldcastle. "Did you ever hear anything so audacious and unreasonable?"

"Never," assented the lawyer, but a dry smile curled about his mouth, for, truth to say, it was his private impression that Sir Peter had not spoken wholly without reason. That the worthy knight was very solicitous about his partner's state of health was certain; for though the sick man was now denied to all visitors, he sent to Oak Lodge to ask for the invalid twice or even thrice a day. The time was coming, however, for a cessation of all such messages, and for the beginning of kind inquiries of another sort.

Christmas had come and gone in the little household without its cheer. It is one of the evils of having set times for holidays and rejoicings that when misfortune comes at those dates, the contrast between past and present becomes the sharper.

"With such compelling cause to grieve
As daily vexes household peace,
And chains regret to his decease,
How dare we keep our Christmas-eve?"

Instead of mistletoe at Oak Lodge there was rue, and in place of its white berries silent tears. It would have been a relief to Clare to find the season of merriment had passed, but that in so doing it brought parting from her father nearer. To the surprise of all, even of herself, on the last day of the year he was still alive, though scarcely in flesh and blood—he was a mere shadow.

"It is his will that does it," said the doctor, with that admiration for stamina always felt by members of his craft. "Another man with less strength of purpose would have given in a week ago."

And even now it was Mr. Lyster's wish that all things should go on as much as possible as though that Visitor, whose step was on the very threshold, was not expected. It had been the invariable custom at Oak Lodge to see the old year out and the new year in, and he desired it should be observed on this occasion. Of course he himself retired at his usual early hour; but he laid strict orders on Clare and on the rest that they should come up to him at midnight, and wish him—well, certainly not "Many happy new years," but, let us say, pleasant dreams. Not that Mr. Lyster dreamed much, even as sick men are wont to do; nor, I fear, even thought much of things apart from this world. The clergy of the Church of England had but a small flock in Stokeville; perhaps it was the smuts that made black sheep of them; at all events, the fact was that the great majority of the population were Dissenters; but Mr. Lyster had seen his minister, and apparently satisfied him as to his spiritual condition. Since that incident, and indeed on this very day, he had had an interview with Clare which had left her with paler cheeks and graver thoughts than ever. It was piteous to see her now at the head of the supper table, on which lay the untasted food, and around which sat the joyless guests. Her lover was next to her, and ever and anon he made some observation to her in a low voice, to which she replied in monosyllables. She never avoided his glances, but met them with strange looks of tenderness and pain. "The old fool has been making his last protest to her against me," was the thought he concealed under that reverent manner, and masked with that gentle deprecating face. And the sagacity which had so often enabled him to "track suggestion to her inmost cell" in this case also had not failed him. No one ever knew exactly what had passed between father and daughter in that supreme hour, but it afterward came to light that Mr. Lyster's resolution to make the best of what was inevitable had given way, and that almost the last use to which he had put his failing breath was to induce her to break with Percy.

Opposite sat Herbert, silent as the grave to which all their thoughts were tending, and beside him Gerald's vacant chair. The lad had retired, overcome with filial emotion, it was charitably hoped, though he was the only one who had displayed any appetite for the viands, and was smoking in his own room.

Presently Herbert observed, gravely, "I think, Clare, I heard the town clock strike twelve just now."

"You are right," she said, consulting her watch; "I don't know how I came to miss it, for I seem to do nothing else but listen. Let us go up stairs."

This conversation, and indeed all that happened subsequently, became of some importance. The three rose at once from their seats as bound on an errand, wherein it was necessary to be punctual, but which did not admit of haste. At the top of the stairs they found Gerald standing with white face at the sick man's door, which was open. "Come quick," he whispered, hoarsely; "there is a great change."

Opposite the door was the mantel-piece with a clock upon it that marked five minutes past the hour. Clare took note of it mechanically, with a vague, pained sense that they were behind their time. Herbert and Percy looked at it too, as indeed they could hardly avoid doing, and interchanged a momentary glance full of significance. The next instant they were in the presence of the dying man. He was lying propped up in bed, with a look of intense anxiety and impatience, which melted, as he recognized them, into one of supreme content and resignation. Then, before Clare could reach his pillow, all expression faded from his eyes, and the face ceasing, as it seemed, to be flesh and blood, became marble. It was no longer her father that lay before her, but a dead man. An hour afterward Herbert let Percy out of the house of death. As they stood on the door-step the latter said, "It is scarcely the time to talk about such things, Newton, but did you happen to notice the time when this sad event occurred?"

"Yes; it was five minutes past twelve by my uncle's clock."

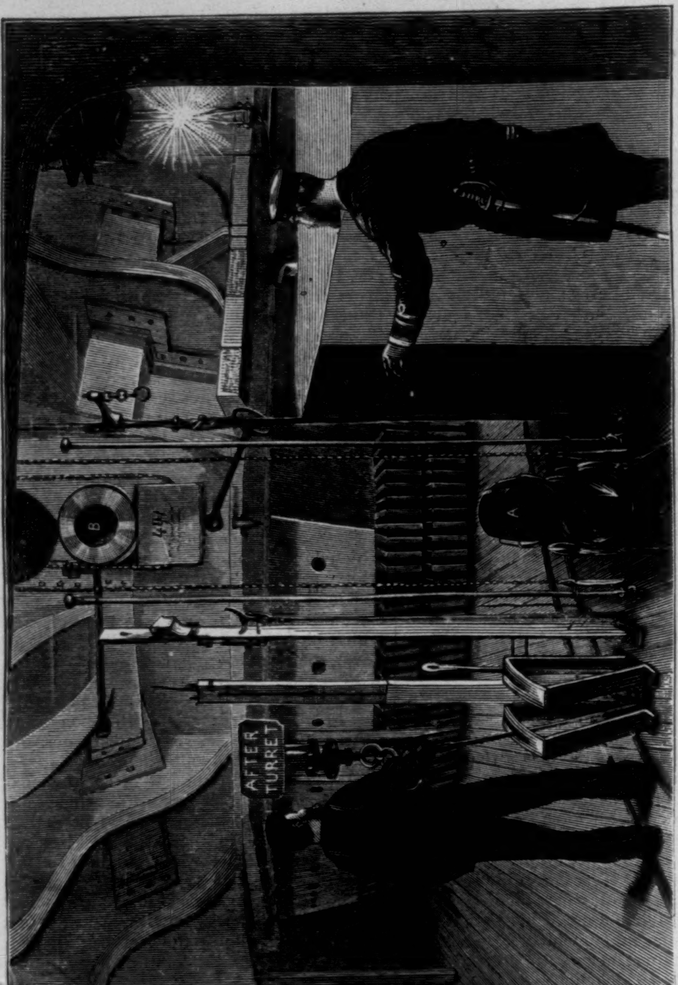
"I made it five and a half, but that is a detail. The point is that it was past twelve. You are aware, of course, how important this is?"

"You mean to Clare?"

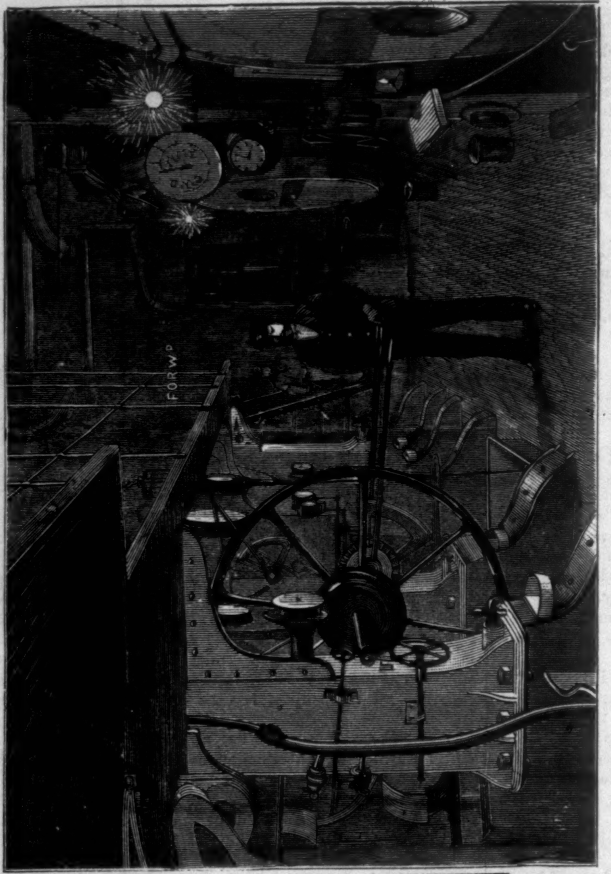
"Yes, of course, to Clare. I can not say that I was very anxious about Master Gerald. Good-night."

Herbert looked after him with lowering brow as he disappeared in the darkness. "There was one thought for Clare, no doubt," was his reflection, "but there were two for himself. Would to Heaven that matters had turned out less fortunately, for in that case she might have escaped him! Poor Clare! Poor Clare!"

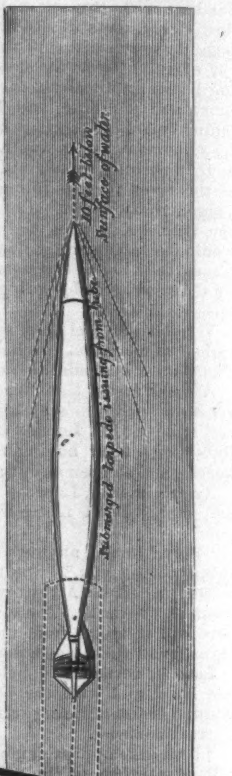
[to be continued.]

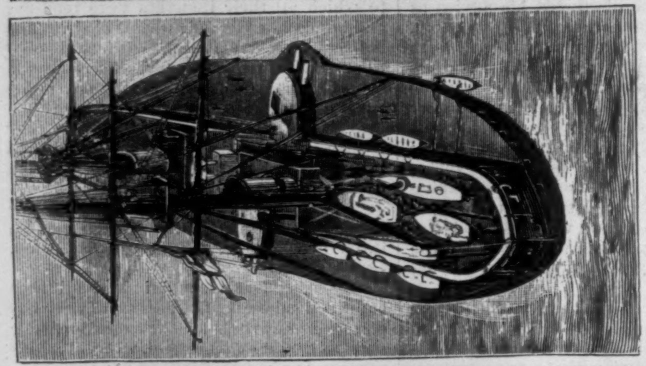


TURRET DECK—PREPARING TO LOAD.

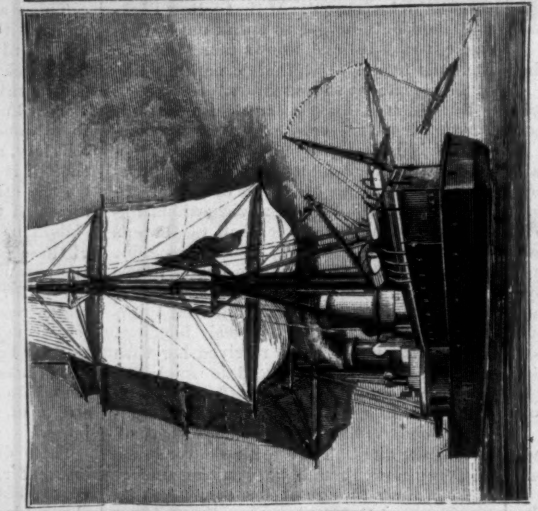


ENGINE-ROOM.

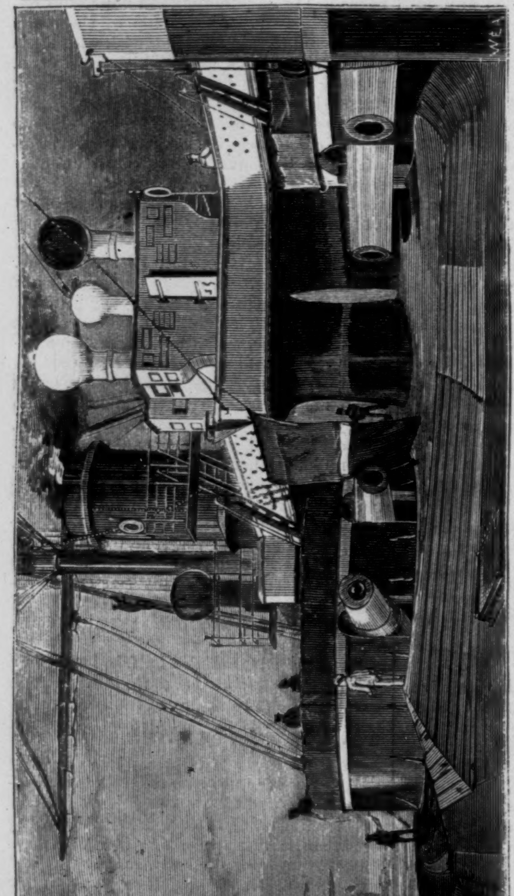




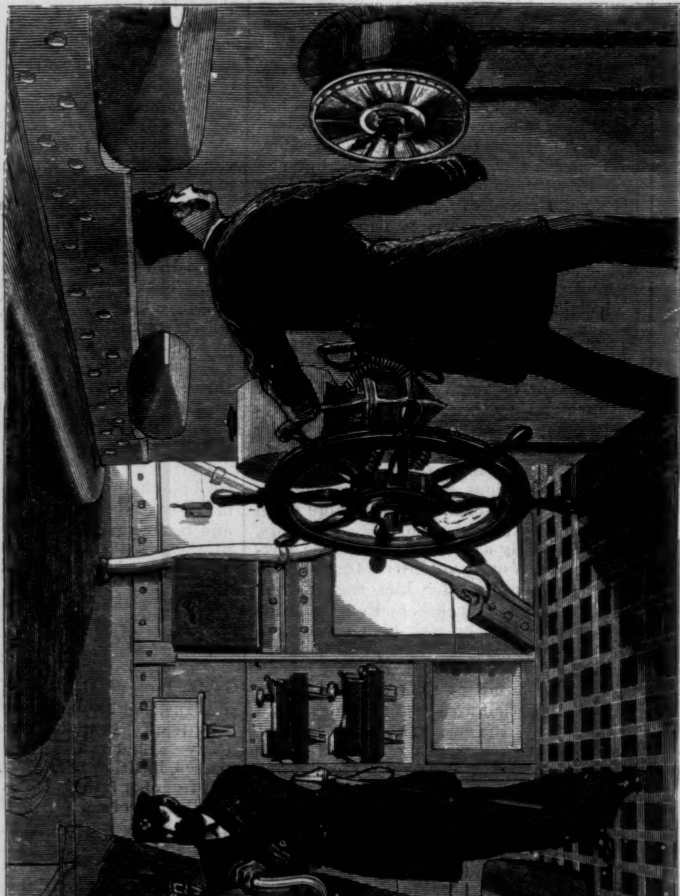
BIRD'S-EYE VIEW FROM THE STERN.



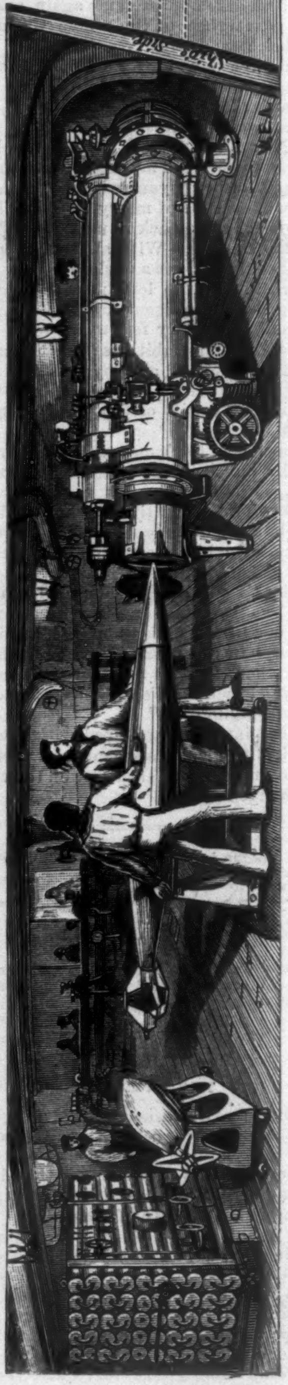
STERN VIEW.



VIEW ON THE UPPER DECK, SHOWING THE TWO TURRETS.



THE ARMOR CROSS INSIDE THE FORE-"CONNING" TOWER.



THE TORPEDO-ROOM.

HER MAJESTY'S SHIP "INFLEXIBLE."—[See Page 791.]

WILL WONDERS NEVER CEASE?—[SEE PAGE 798.]

THE STARS AND STRIPES ON LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

THE London correspondent of the New York *Herald* gives, under date of November 9, the following account of the incident to which Mr. NAST alludes in the cartoon on page 797:

"Lord Mayor's Day was celebrated as customary to-day with a procession and a banquet at the Guildhall. To the general public the annual show was somewhat disappointing. There were neither men in armor, nor Indian elephants, nor ballet girls in costume representing allegorical pictures. This time, in fact, all the glories of the past, except the gilded coach and evergreen Sir JOHN BENNETT, had disappeared. The authorities of the Tower had refused to issue any suits of armor for use in the Lord Mayor's pageant, because on the last occasion the gallant knights, having partaken too freely of the flowing bowl, left their armor out all night in the open air, and it being a rainy night, the valuable suits were returned with a thick coat of rust. So the Lord Mayor elect, being in a dilemma as to where to procure a striking novelty for the show, hit upon a brilliant idea for a Lord Mayor, namely, that of carrying the American flag in procession as a response to the greeting of the British standard at Yorktown.

"So far as it went, it must be said that the compliment to America was rendered prettily enough. The banner was borne by a Doggett waterman, and escorted by half a company of the City of London Royal Fusileers, with fixed bayonets, preceded by the regimental band, which played the 'Star-spangled Banner.' When the pageant arrived at Westminster, the flag was placed in front of the company, facing the grand entrance of Westminster Hall, in the Palace Yard, and remained there while the Lord Mayor elect was taking the oath."

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THE extraordinary exhilarating power of "laughing-gas" is well known; but a similar property has just been discovered in a liquid mixture of phosphate of soda and tincture of the ergot of rye. While treating a female patient with tincture of the ergot of rye for a painful affection of the knee, Dr. Luton, of Rheims, discovered that by adding a little of the phosphate of soda to the medicine, it sent the patient into uncontrollable fits of laughter, which evidently sprang from the merriest ideas. No effect was observed until three-quarters of an hour after the dose was taken; and after the intoxication died away, the patient continued in the best of humor for some time. Experiments were then made on a number of persons, but it was found that females were the most susceptible to the influence of the potion. In the case of some men, only giddiness and a slight headache was the result. It is worthy of remark, in this connection, that rye bread in wet seasons is apt to produce a feeble exhilaration of the same kind, perhaps because it contains a small percentage of the ergot. We trust that doctors and dispensers will be as sparing as possible in the use of this drug, so as to prevent its employment as a species of intoxicant.

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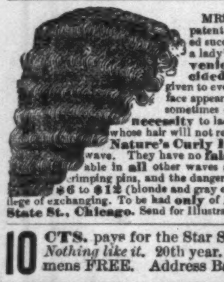

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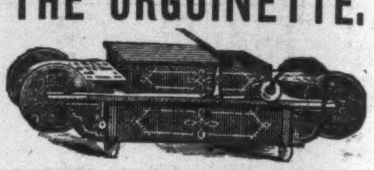

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